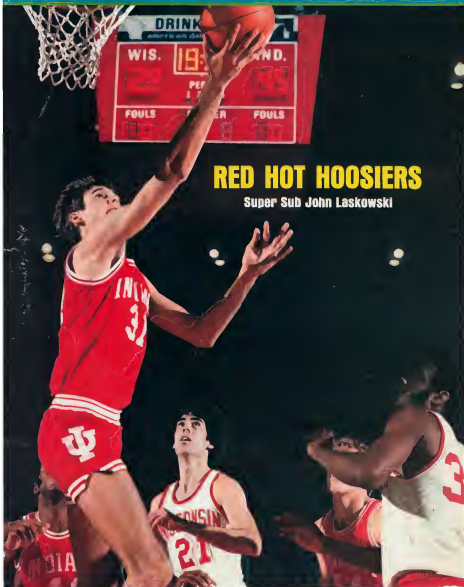


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 3, 1975 75 CENTS



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Super Sub John Laskowski

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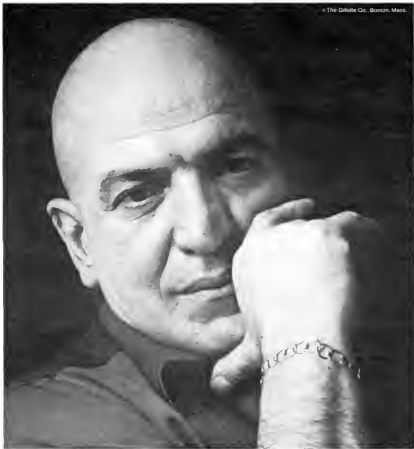
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AFTER EVEREST, K2 is the world's highest mountain—the awesome target of James Whitaker's U.S. assault team. Robert F. Jones visited the climbers on Rainier and came down with a better idea of why they go up.

For more information on the events in this issue, or to learn more about the magazine, please write to: TIME Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Please include the name of the magazine and the issue number in your request. We will be glad to provide you with the information you need.

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already priced more than \$500 less than the newest competitive compact sedan.

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Motor Trend's 1975
Car of the Year.

The Monza's styling is completely new. The look is European. Yet the inside of this right-sized car is packed with American engineering. And the kind of comfort Americans are used to. Motor Trend judged the Monza 2+2 in five separate categories before naming it this year's Car of the Year.

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The Los Angeles Luv

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana,
1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice

RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana,
1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice. Pour in
highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw



The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice

RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and
1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir.
Float teaspoon Grenadine



The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth

RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz.
Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice, strain into stem glass
Garnish/lemon twist



The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Green Creme de Menthe,
1/2 oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Coffee Cream

RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1/2 oz. Green Creme de Menthe, 1/2 oz. White Creme de Cacao,
1 oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.



The Boston Bourbon Mary

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire
Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).

RECIPE: Combine 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice,
Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix).
Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



Wherever you are, and whatever you mix us with, cola,
ginger ale, The Uncola™, cherry soda, lemonade, water or just
a clatter of ice cubes, once you know us, you'll love us.

Early Times

MOVIETALK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

I AM BURNED UP AT THE SIGHT OF O.J. CARRYING A CAT INSTEAD OF A BALL

As I watched the last half of *The Inferno* before I kept wondering, "Where did O.J. Simpson go?" Billed as one of the stars, chief of security in a huge burning building, he had a big moment early in the movie when he snapped to Paul Newman, "Damn it man, get that ambulance!" (When was the last time anybody spoke to Paul Newman like that?) And then O.J. saved a kitten from a smoking apartment. O.K. O.K. And then O.J. disappeared. For a good hour and a half he was nowhere to be seen. Maybe it just seemed that long, because the inferno was so boring, but I know he was missing for half the movie. Robert Wagner died in flames (twice was cool, of course), and Richard Chamberlain fell to his death (twice, granted, does not exactly cut it to the quick), as did Jennifer Jones. We didn't want Jennifer Jones to die, at least not particularly, and where was O.J.?

He was holding her kitten. Four hundred-odd strides down below, on the ground, he was holding her kitten. We know this because finally at the end of the picture O.J. comes up to Fred Astaire. Jennifer's boyfriend, who has just found out she is dead—and hands him the kitten. Fred, an old con man whose last hope in life was Jennifer, does not say irritably, "What the hell am I going to do with a kitten?" He fades out with the kitten, somewhat mollified. It is the dumbest moment in a toweringly dumb movie, a movie in which nobody comes alive before burning up, and I hope O.J. is not pleased to have been involved.

I haven't seen O.J.'s other movie, *The Killman*, but all the reviews said it was thoroughly rotten, and none of them suggested that O.J.'s performance was in any way a redeeming feature, so I don't see how O.J.'s performance can have been very good.

None of which would bother me if O.J. had not said he might use his football career short in favor of acting. Joe Namath has said the same thing, and Jim Brown actually did it. I would now like to state two hard truths: One: O.J. Simpson, Joe Namath and Jim Brown all play or used to play football so well as to make you feel good all over. Two: as actors, they aren't dippy. Brown, who has been at it longest, does have a certain screen presence, which succeeds only in making me feel that I wouldn't want to meet him in a dark alley. O.J. is a smooth, agreeable figure on TV sportscasts, but how many more of those do we need?

I don't mind these guys making some extra money and lining up a career in full back on when they can't play anymore. And I realize that football is harder on the limbs than acting. But becoming a real actor may be harder on the psyche than football is on the body. No one would stand for actors being given easy roles in football games.

There seems to be an assumption that O.J. is really making it now because he is in the movies. But if a hot young poet or doctor or politician quit to go into bad movies, we would say tsik tsik. (Come to think of it, though, when was the last time anybody said tsik tsik about anything?) If a man can still carry a football brilliantly and chooses to act indifferently instead, he is depriving the world of great moments. Being a great running back or quarterback is a fairly high calling. It raises the country's tone. Taking part in overblown schlock movies is a low calling.

Why doesn't somebody make a movie with O.J. that will preserve and illuminate the things he can do better than anybody else? At least Jim Brown had a couple of good running scenes in *The Dirty Dozen*. Why doesn't somebody make a documentary pro football movie along the lines of *The Football Summer* (surfing), *On the Sunday* (motorcycle racing) or *Visions of Light* (the Olympics)? Athletes can be memorable playing themselves in movies. Babe Ruth in *The Pride of the Yankees*, Alex Karras in *Paper Lion*, Muhammad Ali in *Foxtrot Like a Butterfly*, *Smog Like a Bee*. Dwight White of the Steelers would be wonderful hamming it up as himself on the screen. "The man who walked the water and calmed the wind, here to bring good to your neighborhood." And Fred Dryer of the Rams could do imitations of anybody in football. These are the things somebody might be getting down on film before these players fade and are reduced to holding kittens in disastrous spectacles.

Billy Conn, the fighter, once appeared in a film called *The Pittsburgh Kid*, which is so terrific, according to Roy McHugh of the *Pittsburgh Press*, that "Conn shows it to people he doesn't like who come over to his house." At one point in this movie Conn's manager dies, and Conn says to the leading lady, "Poppy is dead." They begin to sob on each other's shoulders. In real life Conn called his manager "Moony" because he drank moonshine. When Moony actually died he dying, he said to Conn from his hospital bed, "Billy, I got to get out of here so we can have a drink."

"Moony," Conn replied, "the only way you're getting out of here is with a tag on your toe."

That is the kind of line that you remember, and that athletes really deliver, and that never gets captured in films with athletes in them. **END**

ART TALK

by MARK KRAM

GRIM TRUTH IN A MID-WEST GALLERY FOR THE HORSEPLAYERS WHO NEVER SAY DIE

There have been many paintings of race-tracks, and on most of them there should be a comment beside the artist's name: *Blank-ers on*. The painters have confined their work to the viceroy of the track. We see only the pomp of cantering horses, the gayness of the fancy, the phantasm of the day. Scorned by brightness and sociability, we see the track as a most eviling place to be. The painters ignore the coarse images: the creaking grandmothers in tight blue jeans, the hard mouths and frightened eyes, the insularity reality and degradation.

One chilling exception to the genial view hangs in the Cleveland Museum of Art. Nightmarish and unearthly, the canvas is called *The Race Track*. It was created by Albert Pinkham Ryder, whose restless inner vision bridged the 19th and 20th centuries. The painting shows a skeletal jockey, seythe in hand, circling a deserted track under a sky the light of which has never been seen on land or sea. There are no spectators, no signs that a mob had been there. There is only this last rider, still prodding his lean horse along a rickety rail.

Interpretations of the canvas tend toward the allegorical: death in a dead world, or death can bring rest but cannot rest. Yet it seems that Ryder was painting something much closer to life. Consider the story behind the painting, the thing that drove Ryder to work on it for 15 years.

Ryder frequented the Hotel Albert in New York in the late 1890s. The Albert was a grand place, an exemplar of the Gilded Age, a period in which the artist was totally indifferent. The hotel was managed by his brother, and for years Ryder would dine there, sitting alone amid the gaiety and ostentation, seldom talking to anyone except his brother and the waiter who usually served him. Then came a day when the waiter was not there. Was he sick, Ryder inquired. No, said his brother, the waiter had shot himself. He had lost his life savings on a horse race.

Ryder was not a fatalistic man, indeed he seems to have gone through life oblivious to mankind, seeing only sky, light and nature. People could do as they pleased, but the death of the waiter jarred him, and Ryder admitted it: "formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off." And now when the sun is high and the day is right I, too, sense a cloud, see that lost rider, and the hand does not descend too carelessly to the pocket anymore. **END**

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CHIFFITON

ONE STEP FORWARD

It matters less whether Boston Bruin Leftwinger Dave Forbes is or is not convicted for his attack on Minnesota's Henry Boucha (SI, Jan. 27) than that the incident occurred in the first place. League rules and tradition should have been of such stringency and moral suasion that personal attacks of that nature would have been unthinkable. If, in a moment of stress, an attack was made, the league would have had precise and effective machinery to deal immediately with the offender long before anybody thought to bring him before a court of law. This is said with full appreciation for the firm measures taken by National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell.

The NHL Players Association, which in the past has been remarkably indifferent to violence on the ice, ignoring occurrences quite as serious as the Forbes-Boucha affair, seems now to have recognized the necessity for action. Through its director, Attorney R. Alan Eagleson, the association recommended last week that any player penalized for deliberate injury or a deliberate attempt to injure be automatically suspended pending a hearing. It asked further that the hearing take place as soon as possible after the incident.

It is a start, but not until players and fans react with the same shock and disbelief that, say, baseball people do on those extremely rare occasions when a bat is raised in anger will hockey get the monkey of thoughtless brutality off its back.

DEPTHS AND LOWER DEPTHS

Cleaning up, it is often enough observed, can end in a mess. A nice little case in point is New York Harbor. When it was bank-to-bank garbage, at least the shipworms—those bivalve mollusks that in their larval stage make vermicular lacework of wooden piers—stayed away. But with a gradual flushing out of the lower reaches, the shipworms are back dining away merrily on dock underpin-

nings and the bottoms of wooden barges.

This could be trouble, but the prospects are nowhere near as bleak as those envisioned in the latest story making the conservationist rounds. It goes: First, the good news. By 1985 we'll all be drinking sewage water. Now the bad. There won't be enough to go around.

HE LOATHES THE DEAR SILVER

About midway through the season, the Puerto Vallarta Dolphins of the North-western Mexico Winter League were living up to the sleepy image of their coastal village, best known as the sometime winter stopover of Elizabeth Taylor. Figuring anything in a calm, the manager of two years, Minnie Minoso, agreed to Pitcher Javier Reyes' suggestion that, like Oakland, the team make a clean break with the past and grow beards and mustaches. Happy to say, it worked. Puerto Vallarta hared through the rest of the schedule and into their division title. That would be the end of the story, except for what happened to Minoso, who at 52 is just five pounds over his major league playing weight and a bit vain about his youthful appearance. His beard grew out snow white.

NERVE THEY'VE GOT

Call it cheek, call itchutzpah. It is always in plentiful supply, but if two cases reported recently are a bellwether of the generation coming up, head for the Alps.

First, the 12-year-old who stood outside the Houston Aeros' dressing room and demanded of Gordie Howe, "Sign my stick!" Responded a slightly shaken Howe, "Say please."

"Okay, please," the kid answered.

"Now," said Howe, "put it all together."

"Sure," the boy said. "Gordie, would you please sign my damn stick?"

That lad was a dream next to the 17-year-old who dropped this on the Kansas City-Omaha Kings basketball team. "Please send me three decals," he wrote, "three bumper stickers, a schedule, team and individual photos, ticket

order forms, stadium diagram and photos, a list of things to buy, any past and present programs, yearbooks, media books, press guides, rosters, old publications, autographs, scorecards, photos, posters, pennant patches, badges, magnets, etc. Also send anything on upcoming season, anything left from giveaway days, and send anything else free. Also send anything on Nate Archibald (autograph, photo, etc.). Thank you."

He got one decal.

SKITTY CAT

The image leaps to mind of this scene at the downhill finish line in, say, Schnapps, Austria. Here comes the winner, flashing along like lightning, sliding roughly on his left kidney, feet up and arms flailing helplessly. He slashes through the clocks, wipes out the press row, zings through the lodge picture window and ends up somewhere just outside Vienna. The racer is wearing a skintight, ultrashiny, plasticized racing outfit, a thing affectionately called a cat suit.



Officials call the suits a lot of other names, all bad. If one were to line up a cat suit alongside the East German skinsuit (SI, Aug. 12, 1974), the swimming outfit would look like a shag rug. These ski suits are really tight, as though the wearer had been spray-painted while turning slowly, and then had taken a felt-tip pen and drawn in pretend zippers.

No question but that the Italian-made cat suits, virtually airtight and wrinkle-resistant, provide more speed than any

continued

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previously made—though not nearly as much as the two or three seconds claimed by some racers. Undoubtedly, some of the speed is psychological. One skier raved about the eerie feeling of speed; his cat suit made a sort of whistling sound rather than the hammering noise of regular suits, he said.

But at the first World Cup race in Val-d'Isère, Italy's Franco Tach, an otherwise undistinguished downhiller, fell at the top of a traverse and began to slide. And slide. And slide and slide. With no friction to slow him, he wiped out the safety nets and scooted onto the women's downhill course next door. Shaken but alive, he later described the sensation as that of a pebble skipping across the surface of a pond.

Exactly. IIS chief Marc Hodier called the suits "deadly" and demanded a change. This edict had about the same effect as the pebble on the pond until the insurance companies stepped in. They couldn't risk insuring anyone who might slide off the world, they said.

End of problem? Well, yes and no. The cat suits are now illegal for racing. Still, some World Cup racers show up at starting lines looking awfully sleek. They are wearing their cat suits inside out.

MARSUPIALS IN THE SOUP

The Endangered Species Act of 1973 created a new category, "threatened," to describe the plight of a creature that is not yet in imminent danger of extinction but which is "likely to become an endangered species in the foreseeable future." The nice distinction has proved to be little more than a convenient pigeonhole in which to stash hard decisions. Three varieties of Australian kangaroos—the red, the eastern and the western gray—are living (but barely) testimony to that.

Aside from the weaseling language, what could do the animals in is the inability of either the U.S. Department of Interior or the Australian government to stand up to special interests. Twice in the last two years Interior has proposed to call the kangaroos what they are, endangered, and twice it has backed down when importers, who provide the pelts to manufacturers of coats, purses, shoes, stuffed "koala bears" and other products, objected. Endangered species cannot be imported; threatened kangaroos can be, if the exporting nation certifies that the hides are the result of a "sustainable yield management" program. Af-

ter a long delay Interior listed the three kangaroos as threatened.

This is of little help to the Australian government. It would like to conserve more of the country's wildlife than it does, but it is hampered because jurisdiction over hunting belongs to the five states. And while it has banned exports of kangaroo hides, it wonders how long it can maintain the ban against the strong pressure of exporters, who are as organized Down Under as importers are here. The government feels it can hold the line against further depredation of kangaroos only if Interior lists them as endangered. And so it goes.

MYSTERIOUS WEST

The news release from something called the National Table-Tennis League announced, "Pro Ping-Pong, Republic of China vs. Seattle Sockeyes" at the Norway Center on Jan. 24 and then, reprinted here in its entirety, this, under the heading *Hard on the Balls*:

"A pro ping pong ball must not be less than 37.2 mm and not more than 38.2 mm in diameter, and not weigh more than 2.53 gr. (grams).

"Tests made by the Seattle Sockeyes show that after 324 chops, 173 loops, 97 drives, 171 spins, 624 loops, the ball only bounces 211 mm instead of 235 mm when dropped from a height of 305 mm onto a specially designed 'U.S. STEEL' steel block. *How about that!*

"Skookum guys those Seattle Sockeyes."

You bet.

BY THE BOOK

A notebook was turned in to the lost-and-found department at New York's Aqueduct park this winter. Filled with do-it-yourself advice on how to play the races, it is a marvelous insight into the workings of a horseplayer's brain.

The book begins with admonishments. No. 1, for example, is "Keep kitty money separate." No. 5 advises the owner not to make extra bets when ahead. No. 6 reads, "If panic sets in, stop." This is followed by "Be patient." Further along, the bettor warns himself, "Don't borrow from kitty," and "Don't bet expensive money." No. 18 is "Record stupid bets" and, finally, No. 21 exhorts, "Don't panic at end of the week."

The notebook's owner never tried to retrieve it. Aqueduct officials speculate that he had either memorized its contents

or was trying to forget them. One further thought. He might have panicked.

MEANINGFUL NUMBERS

Not all statistics need be wasteful extensions of the obvious (SCORECARD, Jan. 13). Take, for instance, the performance figures over the last five years of Phil Esposito. Developed by National Hockey League Statistician Ron Andrews, they show that the Boston Brain forward would have been every bit as much a scorer in the hard-muscled, six-team NHL of old as he is in today's softer expanded league.

In the 1969-70 season, when Esposito came in second in the scoring race, he led the league with 43 goals, five more than runner-up Stan Mikita. In 1970-71 Esposito had 76 goals to second-place Johnny Bucyk's 51. He got 66 the next year, when nobody else scored more than 50; 55 in 1972-73, three and five goals ahead of Mickey Redmond and Rick MacLeish in second and third place; and last year 68. Rick Martin was closest to that with 52.

"What bothers me," says Andrews, "is that if Esposito scores 80 goals this season, a lot of people will dismiss the feat because this is an expansion year and bring up Maurice Richard's 50 goals in 50 games during the 1944-45 season."

"They seem to forget that '44-45 was a wartime year. Aside from Bill Durnan, who played with The Rocket for Montreal, there were only two regular goaltenders that season—Harry Lumley and Mike Kurasak. And there were a lot of other very good players in the armed services."

HOLD ON, PLEASE, PECK, PECK, PECK

The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests is going one better than those companies that ply telephone callers with Mazak while they are on hold. Callers waiting on its lines hear a variety of forest sounds, including birdsalls and, alas, the insistent tapping of a woodpecker.

THEY SAID IT

• Dale Bandy, Ohio University's new basketball coach, on assistant coaches and head coaches: "I never realized there was such a difference between making a suggestion and making a decision."

• Bep Guidolin, Kansas City Scouts coach, asked if he has nightmares about his expansion team: "You gotta sleep before you have nightmares." **END**

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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SAD END OF AN EMPIRE

Twenty years ago Rex Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, was the king of racing. Now, after thoroughbred horses were found starving on his neglected ranch, past glory has disintegrated into present disgrace **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Good horses," Rex Ellsworth often used to say, "can be raised anywhere. Shucks, you don't need the spit and polish of those Kentucky farms with their fancy white fences and brass nameplates on the stall doors. I'll prove to those fellows that I can do just as good down at my ranch in Chino."

And, for a while, Ellsworth did. The lanky, stern-faced, wrinkled cowboy out of Arizona was a devout Mormon who neither drank nor smoked. But from the day in 1933 when he and his brother He-

ber rolled out of Lexington, Ky. in a broken-down truck containing the six mares and two weanlings they had purchased with their life savings—all \$600 of it—Ellsworth gambled that a dynasty could be developed at his ranch in Chino, Calif. that would make the rest of the world forget Kentucky, Newmarket, Chantilly. No white fences at Chino. Wire would do fine; some of it barbed at that. No lush bluegrass either. Ellsworth used a feed mill that spat out pellets laced with molasses and kelp.

After the war he went looking for a stallion. He had his eye set on Nasrullah, but Bull Hancock beat him to it. He settled instead for a somewhat windy son of Hypenon named Khalid, and when Khalid's son Swaps won the 1955 Kentucky Derby over Nasrullah's son Nashua, Ellsworth and his partner, trainer and buddy, Miah Tenney, were sitting on top of the world. That was one of racing's best-publicized summers. A posed picture that appeared in *LIFE* of Tenney sleeping in Swaps' stall gained the cow-



boy duo millions of admirers, and it didn't hurt a bit that the beaten Derby favorite Nashua was owned by the wealthy New York socialite William Woodward Jr. and trained by the venerable Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who already had Triple Crown victories by Gallant Fox and Omaha to his credit.

Another meeting between the two became a must when Swaps returned to the West after the Derby, leaving the Preakness and Belmont as routine victories for Nashua. A match race was arranged for Aug. 31, 1955 at Chicago's Washington Park, and although the buildup was loud and mighty the race itself was anticlimactic. Swaps, who ran most of his career on three good legs, had aggravated an injury to his fourth, but Ellsworth



gambled that Jockey Bill Shoemaker could get him home in front of Nashua and Eddie Arcaro. This time the roll went against Ellsworth. Arcaro gave The Shoe a riding lesson, and Nashua galloped home a winner by more than six lengths. Ten years later Ellsworth admitted to me, "Swaps should never have run that day, but after all the publicity and the way all those people came from everywhere to see the race, we just didn't want to disappoint anyone." He neglected to comment on the dangers of running a lame horse. Swaps could have been seriously crippled, perhaps fatally.

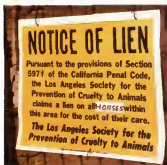
Another leg injury a year later, in the fall in New Jersey, nearly did kill him, and the courageous chestnut spent weeks at Garden State suspended awkwardly

continued

Starving mares had stripped their pastures bare, were even eating their own droppings.

SPCA executive George Crozier (foreground) said conditions at the ranch were "pathetic."





The SPCA took control of Ellsworth's horses.

in a sling until healed sufficiently to return to Chino. The life-saving sling, incidentally, was suggested by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons.

But Ellsworth and Tenney had little time for Swaps, other than to sell him out of the state of California to John and Dorothy Galbreath for \$2 million. (He died in Kentucky a couple of years ago at the age of 20.) The last time I saw Swaps at Chino was during the winter of 1957. Liz Whitney Tippett and I stopped by one afternoon to see how his recovery was getting along. He was out of the sling by then, and Ellsworth took us into his dirty, unkempt stall. When Rex turned on the one overhead light, Swaps blinked and backed off at the sight of the two newcomers standing at his owner's side. Ellsworth grabbed him by his mane and directed a hard right-hand punch to the middle of the horse's face. "That," he said gruffly, "will teach you to mind your manners."

Ellsworth's empire was building, but on unsteady foundations. He assembled more than 200 broodmares at Chino, many of them from England, Ireland and France. He thought he was becoming a great friend of the late Aly Khan, but Aly played him for a sucker by selling him mostly well-bred but cast-off mares. He acquired a good stallion in Nigromante, the sire of Candy Spots, along with a few bad ones, including Toulouse Lautrec. On the track, where people and breeders notice, he was winning. He won with Terrang, Candy Spots (who captured the 1963 Preakness), The Scoundrel, Olden Times and Prove It. Only

mighty Calumet Farm has ever won more at Santa Anita than the \$353,560 Ellsworth raked in during the 1960-61 meeting. Tenney still ranks ninth among all trainers who ever saddled a horse at Santa Anita.

But Ellsworth, like all impulsive speculators, often played his hands badly, sometimes unfortunately so. A few days after The Scoundrel was sold for \$500,000, the horse turned up lame, which did nothing for Ellsworth's reputation. The Chino operation was being run on a shoestring, and rumors about the breeding procedures there reportedly once prompted racing security agents to slip in disguised as grooms and laborers. At least one Eastern mare shipped to Chino to be bred returned home diseased, and other matings were so poorly authenticated that some worried broodmare owners began to have nagging doubts as to just who was the actual sire of the latest foal.

This was probably the beginning of Rex Ellsworth's long flirtation with disaster. From the time he first borrowed \$160,000 from a bank to buy Khalel—and despite the money he won with Swaps (\$848,900) and the others—he was building up a "paper" fortune and living a life of continual borrow-and-pay-back, borrow-and-pay-back. As a Mormon, he tithed to the church. He could have used a church tithe to him.

Ellsworth turned to the East and new associates in Kentucky. He moved Candy Spots, Prove It and Olden Times to the bluegrass country, where, he said, they would be more available to the better Eastern broodmares. Yet his partnership with Dr. Arnold Pessin, a Lexington veterinarian, was an unhappy one. They were unsuccessful in attempts to buy Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance Farm (which went instead to the University of Kentucky), and after they bought another farm, with Dr. Pessin's money, they had a falling out over financial matters. Pessin eventually became sole owner of the place and Ellsworth lost all chance to profit from it. Mixed in with the bad luck came an occasional good roll of the dice. He bought a colt in Europe named Prince Royal II, and a month later, in his second start for Ellsworth, Prince Royal II won \$223,000 as he captured the prestigious Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

But Ellsworth was to discover that

even if you make these Houdini escapes half a dozen times, you can't do it forever. Nigromante died suddenly, and the big stable of mares was without a top sire. Credit became tougher to come by, until Ellsworth latched on to C. Arnholt Smith of San Diego, at that time owner, among other things, of the baseball Padres and the U.S. National Bank. Smith kept Rex going—at least until the U.S. Government became curious about the way Smith was handling his own bank's funds. Now the Crocker Citizens National Bank has taken over the U.S. National, and Smith is under indictment.

So the money well ran dry. Early last December, Chino neighbors of Ellsworth's began noticing that his broodmares had taken on the droopy, lean look of sufferers from malnutrition. Karen Patterson, whose husband Harris is a director of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association, was among the first to alert the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Two weeks ago, armed with evidence, the SPCA moved in and discovered unbelievable squalor. Of the 130 horses on the place (most of them broodmares), five lay dead or dying in their hard and dusty paddocks and dozens of others were in terrible shape. Four mares aborted because of their condition.

"It was pathetic," said George M.

In a happier day, smiling Ellsworth posed with



Crosier of the SPCA. "Those in pasture had stripped the land literally bare looking for food. They were even eating their own droppings." The SPCA impounded the Chino stock.

What was puzzling was that about 20 other horses at Chino, those in stall spaces with runs, were sufficiently fed and watered. Another 20 had reportedly been moved to an Arizona ranch just hours before the authorities arrived. The condition of the starving mares led to suspicions that the situation might be a master of conscious and calculated neglect. Even more puzzling was the presence of Ellsworth's son Kumen at the ranch, since Kumen Ellsworth happens to be a veterinarian. He tried to negotiate with SPCA officials to regain possession of the impounded horses, but the SPCA would not release them. Some of the animals were being fed by the SPCA on a round-the-clock schedule in an effort to save them.

Rex Ellsworth was not there when the SPCA moved in to start caring for the stock at a cost of \$700 a day. When finally contacted at another son's ranch in Louisiana, Ellsworth gave such excuses as wells going dry in Chino, which Crosier said was not so. "There was water everywhere," reported the SPCA official—and increasing financial difficulty. "We haven't been able to feed the horses as we normally do," Ellsworth said.

His superb stallion, Khaleel, father of Swaps.



He made an odd comment on the matter of the dead mares. "Horses are dying all the time out on that ranch," he said. "We've got 40 or 50 old mares with problems that should have been destroyed years ago."

Such explanations may not satisfy anyone, particularly now that the SPCA has filed a 21-page report on the conditions it discovered at the ranch with the San Bernardino County district attorney's office. Criminal action is possible, along with the civil procedures initiated by the SPCA.

Last weekend, as Ellsworth drove west from Louisiana to his Arizona ranch, on the way apparently to face the music in California, racing was trying to get over the shock of one of its worst scandals. "This is a black mark on our industry," said Brian Sweeney, the general manager of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association, "but we are determined that racing will pitch in and do the right thing. What we will do, in conjunction with the American Horse Council and the California tracks, is to underwrite any and all unrecovered expenses incurred by the SPCA while it is caring for the weakened mares. There is talk about a sale of the stock, but that's in the future. It will take time to identify these horses properly, and it will take half of them three to four months to regain marketable shape."

Ellsworth, once a director of the CTBA, is still a paid-up member, although along the backstretch it was often said of his spectacular rise to international racing fame that neither he nor Misch Tenney would have made it had they not considered a two-by-four and a chain part of a trainer's equipment. Tenney, who never had a contract with his ranching buddy, was always in for a split, depending, it seems, on the financial times. When Tenney at last quit a few years ago to return to Arizona and run a cattle ranch, the story has it that he went to the boss to get his final split. Ellsworth told him bluntly there was nothing left to split.

And now, for Ellsworth, after the steep rise comes the crashing fall. Like others who play their hands badly, Rex Ellsworth has ended up land-poor, horse-poor and just plain poor. The SPCA revealed that it had many calls from businesses, lending agencies, banks and individuals who claimed that they held liens on various thoroughbreds that Ellsworth had put up as security on loans.



Swaps. Shoemaker up, was the stable's star.

There was even a question whether Ellsworth still owned the ranch.

"It reminds me," says Santa Anita's Jimmy Kilroe, "of an ageless but possibly appropriate remark I heard many years ago. There are two things a cowboy knows nothing about: one is a cow, the other is a horse."

Ellsworth certainly knew something about horses as runners. What he apparently never learned was the dignity the animal has or deserves to have. When the SPCA people moved into the Chino ranch, they may not have recognized—who could?—the individual mares by name. One who lay quite dead had just passed her 29th birthday. She was a fine old granddaughter of War Admiral named Iron Reward. Surely the mother of Swaps deserved a better ending than this.

END

SHINING IN THE SHADOW OF KNIGHT

The No. 1 Hoosiers are unbeaten—and almost unknown. If figures, There can be little personal fame when the subs are super and the coach is a martinet

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Just because Indiana University Coach Bobby Knight, that mellowing maniac, has not punched a player, strangled a referee, pistol-whipped a writer or howled at the moon in the last few minutes, is no reason to ignore his team. After all, the Hoosiers are undefeated in 18 games this season. Practically uncontested, too. As a team they are solid residents of the No. 1 spot in all the polls. As individuals, unlike their coach, they are unranked and unrecognized.

What the men of Indiana have done, apparently without realizing it, is become almost too good too soon. They started mowing down the opposition before anybody had time to learn their names. This dangerous practice usually is called peaking early: the extraordinary thing is that the Hoosiers peak again every time a center jump is called.

By the end of last week, after Indiana had assaulted its closest challenger in the Big Ten, Purdue, by the hilarious score

of 104-71, the Hoosiers possessed not only a perfect record but the widest average victory margin in the land, 27 points per game. They also had the sixth best offense, the 12th best defense and a .520 shooting percentage, and were ranked high in rebounding, yet their leading scorer was only 12th in the Big Ten and their top rebounder stood 10th. Balance is golden.

Starting Forward Steve Green had the flu last week, so the Hoosiers opened against Purdue with their sixth man, the amazing John Laskowski, in the lineup. He scored 13 points in the first half. Then Indiana went to vastly improved Center Kent Benson for five quick baskets after the intermission. When Benson came out to rest his shooting arm, reserve Tom Abernethy replaced him, and there was no appreciable change in the attack, except perhaps a faster tempo. Forward Scott May made 11 of 15 shots and 23 points. The Hoosiers fouled out Purdue star John Garrett and held the Boiler-makers to 12 points in the first 14 min-



utes of the second half. Then the mop-up brigade checked in, and Knight halted play to instruct freshman Mark Haymore to tuck his drawstring inside his pants. And, oh, yes—Laskowski took another shot in the second half. He missed. There is still hope.

To cope with being No. 1, Knight has begun playing inspirational tapes by legendary figures and reading biographies to his troops. Storybook time has included Pete Newell, Jack Nicklaus and Rudyard Kipling. "Kipling's my favorite," says substitute Steve Ahlfeld. "He's no sports guy."

"I'm just pushing the buttons," says Knight. "My language is coming along too." Formerly the Emperor of Expectations, the new Knight has had only one technical foul all season, while rival coaches have been penalized 12 times. "I'm not so much 18 and 0," says the coach, "as I am 1 and 12. I'm not getting any more bleeping mellow, you son of a bleep-bleep. I'm only getting bleeping smarter." The Emperor is coming right along, all right.

Indiana's exploits, if not Knight's new courtside vocabulary, have been accorded raves by the opposition. Coach Fred Taylor of Ohio State says you must play Indiana cautiously, "like making love to a porcupine." Gus Ganakas, the coach of Michigan State, speaks of the Hoosiers' "mobile bulkiness." And John Lotz of Florida congratulated his Gators after they lost to the Hoosiers by only 14 points. When Indiana whipped Iowa 102-49, Hawkeye Coach Lute Olsen kicked over a chair in the opening minute and later said, "There were stars in my guys' eyes."

Similar awe has enveloped Kentucky, Texas A&M, Nebraska and Creighton, all squads which had their systems cleansed by the Hoosiers and have gone on to become tough customers since the slaughter. Against Indiana, each was behind by as many as 32 points before Knight called off the hunt. Even Minnesota's Gophers, the strongboys from the north, who hold the Hoosiers close for 30 minutes, succumbed 79-59 after Indiana's spread attack forced the Gophers out of their zone.

Despite such glorious numbers, the



Kent Benson, Indiana's vastly improved 6'11" center, muscled for 22 points at Wisconsin.

team has not grown complacent. "We are playing against our potential, not our opponents," says Laskowski. "There are no easy teams. We respect everybody." Being more realistic, May says, "I guess we really are blowing people off the face of the earth."

It was in Indiana's only close contest that the team gained its self-confidence. Forced into overtime at Kansas in the second game of the season, May rescued the Hoosiers with four straight come-from-behind baskets. "The last one hit only string and I knew that baby was over," May said. But, as usual, it was left to Laskowski to sink the winning bucket. Knight says his noted bench-warmer "has won more games in more different ways than anybody, including John Havlicek."

Though the 74-70 victory seems tainted in hindsight because the Jayhawks have been destroyed on a couple of occasions since, at the time it was an invigorating conquest for Indiana. The Hoosiers played haphazardly on the road against a highly regarded, emotionally charged team, and won. They won while being outrebounded and outshot 55%-42%. They won while their leader, Guard Quinn Buckner, went scoreless and missed vital free throws near the end. In short, they won on a bad night. "Our confidence shot right up after that," says Laskowski.

Indiana frequently is portrayed as a crew of personalities submerged, even "consumed by fright," under Knight, the rampaging martinet. But while Green says, "We're just a bunch of simple,

continued

Former footballer Quinn Buckner (21) sets a pick for 18-points-a-game scorer Scott May.

homely faces," there is considerably more to them than that.

Knight demands silence and total obedience at practice, then smartly keeps his distance from his players off the court. His dressing quarters are on the opposite side of the Assembly Hall from the team's locker room, and he seldom invades the place Ahlfeld describes as "our little domain."

Knight has no curfew, no training table and hardly any rules. When he is not around, Indiana's faceless wonders will listen to a rock tune, laugh at a Cheech & Chong record and wear denim overalls and shell necklaces, just like any other college dregs. They walk and even talk now and then, drink beers, eat quarter-pounders, date girls and read *Rolling Stone* on road trips. ("I've heard of that . . . I think," says Knight.) They even have something called a Zemi machine in the locker room to dispense sno-cones in four delicious flavors. "The first time they put the Zemi in here, 15 guys got sick with sticky red stuff all over

their faces. It was awful," says Green.

On Knight's birthday, after he had whipped them through a few suicide drills, the Hoosiers presented the coach with a "Suicide Zemi," a combination of all four flavors. He reacted with customary gratitude. "This doesn't mean you sons of bleeps are clear of suicides next time," he said.

Sometimes Indiana also is depicted as a group of no-name gym rats molded into a team by an eccentric genius, but that obviously is a misrepresentation. Buckner and Benson were genuine high school legends in Illinois and Indiana, respectively. Fluid Bob Wilkerson, the 6'6" guard who jumps center, covers the opposition's toughest backcourt man and sports a stupendous gap in his teeth, was a prep star, too. Coming out of high school, he was a non-predictor under the NCAA's 1.6 rule. That undoubtedly kept some recruiters away and made Wilkerson seem like a real find when Knight first put him out on the court as a sophomore substitute.

May, the 6'7" scoring leader, was also a non-predictor whose growing pains as a child in Sandusky, Ohio were so severe that his mother says, "We had to hold him down on the bed."

When May's failure to meet the 1.6 requirement forced him to sit out his first year at Bloomington, he "ate his heart out and almost quit." But he stayed. Buckner calls May "Stonehands" because of the tendency he had to drop passes when he first joined the Hoosiers. May insists he has the finest pair of hands in the state of Ohio. Buckner says, "That's nice, but May happens to be playing in Indiana."

Native Hoosiers Green from Milan and Laskowski of South Bend are the only seniors among Indiana's first seven players. They have developed into shooters of exquisite touch. Laskowski's uncanny ability to come cold off the bench and put in bushels of points has provoked wagering on how many seconds will elapse between the moment he checks in and the scoring of his first point.

Early in the season Laskowski sat out four games with an injury, returning to play against Florida. He connected 27 seconds after entering that game, made seven of 10 shots and went on to hit 26 of 31 in subsequent appearances. "Shooting is concentration," he says. "Just routine."

"What shooters!" says Florida's Lotz. "If Indiana gets within 15 feet, you can walk the other way." And you can, except when the mighty Quinn is firing. A celebrated two-sport star, Buckner has played on four different international basketball teams and toured more far-away lands than Marlin Perkins. But he shot only 34% and finished 30th among Big Ten scorers last season. Moreover, during Indiana's five defeats in 1973-74 Buckner converted only 13 for 58 attempts from the floor and made enough mental errors to convince Knight that football was hurting Quinn's basketball. The coach made him give up being a defensive back.

"I hope to go back someday," says Buckner of football. And he would probably be wise to. Indiana football Coach Lee Corso says, "If he returns he'll go in the fifth round of the NFL draft." Meanwhile the husky junior guard has come on to play the best basketball of his career. Against Wisconsin early last week he made 13 of 14 shots to go with eight rebounds, eight assists and four steals.

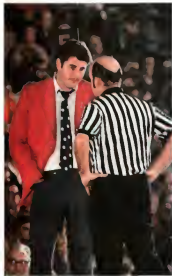
"You missed two free throws tonight," Buckner shouted to Laskowski on the bus.

"Oh, O.K., shooter," Lat replied. "Wait till you go 2 for 12 again."

Buckner says his improvement has not been the only difference in this season's Hoosiers. "Last year we only thought we could get it done. This time we know how." And May says, "You ain't seen nothin' yet. We're just getting into shape."

Knight claims his ideal team would have better shooting at guard, plus more quickness and rebounding on the front line. But even he concedes that the Hoosiers' versatility is something to behold. Almost everybody is capable of filling in at any position and all hands contribute to the chewing, clawing defense. "Their D will keep them in every game," says Kansas Coach Ted Owens. And so will Knight.

To report that the raging temper is gone would be sheer nonsense, but somewhere along the way the thorns of Knight's belligerence have blunted a little. However, his devotion to the game at the expense of family and society endures. During a Christmas tournament in Hawaii, the coach and his family stayed in separate hotels, and Knight did not even see his mother, who had trav-



New, mellow Knight strikes an old pose.

eled out with the rest of his clan. At home, Nancy Knight's little blocks that spell out "My Bob Sexy" have been up on the wall for about two years, but Nancy says My Bob Sexy has not noticed them yet.

Her husband can still erupt at slight provocation. As a gag during a pre-season booster luncheon in Bloomington, Knight was presented with a seat belt by a guest dressed up in a referee's shirt. Enraged, the coach exploded at the offender, shouted warnings and chastised the entire room, which was full of many of his ardent fans. "I really nailed 'em," he admits with relish.

About the infamous "friendly pat" incident earlier this season, when Knight slapped Kentucky Coach Joe Hall on the

head during a heated exchange at court-side, Knight claims it was a normal, meaningless gesture for him. "If it was meant to be malicious [as Hall suggested], says Knight, "I would have blasted the bleper into the seats."

Last week Knight had an altercation with a member of another of the endangered species on his list, journalists. Having observed a writer chatting with one of his players without permission, Knight went into his one-on-one intimidation routine. He screamed, stomped and physically threatened the man, then stormed off reviewing every bleep his military upbringing could dredge up. Later he apologized and shared a relaxing dinner with the culprit.

It was a typical week, awash with both Knight's disdain for the media—he is fond of telling journalists, "All of us learn to write by the second grade, then most of us go on to other things"—and his delight in putting the press on. He recently revealed to an interviewer his distrust of mankind generally. He said that he does "not like" people and that he "especially hates" women. Ah. No more Mr. Nice Guy?

Well, the image projected by Knight may change from game to game, but at least one thing now is very sure: back home in Indiana. No matter how scary Knight may choose to become, his team will remain the most frightening thing on the court. **AND**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICK CLARKSON



Bob Wilkerson, a 6' 11" guard who jumps center, has a pronounced gap in his teeth, but no discernible gap in his game, particularly on defense

A GAME OF JACK OR BETTER

Is Miller better? Maybe. Someday. Their cards were on the table, but Gene Littler won the Crosby pot

by DAN JENKINS

What was supposed to happen last week when the world of professional golf reached the Monterey Peninsula celebrity ghetto is that a couple of blond millionaires named Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller, upon meeting for the first time in 1975, would slap each other rudely across the cheek with abalone steaks, draw out flashing sand wedges, and stage a duel through the tweed forest bordering the 17 Mile Drive. It would be bloody and for keeps, and the victor would get to dine that night in quaint Carmel on *blue-chip portfolio en aspic* and *Rolls-Royce du jour*.

Instead, what actually happened was that old pro Gene Littler, who joined the millionaire club only last season after 21 years on the circuit, led the last two rounds of the 34th annual Bing Crosby National Pro-Am to finish four strokes ahead of Hubert Green. As Littler shot a final-round 73 both Miller and Nicklaus had to struggle—Miller from eighth, Nicklaus from 16th—to finish tied for sixth at 289.

It was a rather inconclusive finish to Episode One in the Great Confrontation. For two weeks Johnny Miller had been the only golfer on the PGA tour. At Phoenix, Miller had shot a second-round 61 on the way to grabbing the year's first event by 14 strokes. In Tucson, Miller had recorded another 61, and taken the year's second event by nine strokes. Miller had banked \$70,000. Nobody had ever before fired 61s on consecutive weeks in the long history of the tour. And Miller's combined winning margin of 23 strokes must rank as some sort of record without a category.

That Miller had started off like this after having been the dominant player of last year with his eight tour victories and a staggering \$353,000 in prize money was almost too much to accept. Golf had a new king, Johnny Miller. Had palibearers been selected for Jack Nicklaus' fu-

After tightening down his grip and loosening his mouth, Miller does some popping off

neral in Lost Tree Village? No, wait. Perhaps that would be a bit hasty. There was this slim chance that if Nicklaus would come out here on the tour he could challenge Miller, and even though Jack was a complacent, decrepit 35 and Miller a virile, spunky 27, Nicklaus might be able to hold on awhile longer.

In any case, the Crosby would be their first clash, the beginning of a year-long rivalry in which it would be decided whether Johnny Miller was going to do to Jack Nicklaus what Jack Nicklaus had once done to Arnold Palmer. Thus, as people began gathering for the Crosby—that odd assortment of touring pros, plus Jack Lemmons and Minnesota Minnows who are known simply as “friends of Bing”—there was little talk of anything else. And rather wonderfully, Miller and Nicklaus helped it along, as if each inwardly realized that this was a marvelous publicity gimmick for the sport.

The fact that neither one of them came any closer to winning the Crosby than Franco Harris was purely beside the point. So preoccupied was everyone with the “feud,” there weren’t even the standard weather jokes, or any pros vowing never to play Spyglass Hill again even if Bing gave them \$5,000 in unmarked low-denomination bills, along with a year’s supply of Minute Maid.

Nicklaus and Miller spent the first several days of the week never laying eyes on each other. Nicklaus, accompanied by his customary entourage of Pontiac dealers, shopping center developers and family chums from Columbus, was staying in the Del Monte Lodge on the premises of Pebble Beach, while Miller was not drinking, smoking or cursing in a private home located up the road. They seemed never to be in the same place at the same time, but they were both plenty visible and almost eager to discuss their so-called rivalry.

Separately, they agreed on several things. Nicklaus was still the greatest, but Jack was going to have to work now at staying the greatest. Miller had certainly arrived. He was no longer one of those other guys out there. He had the ability to dethrone Jack. And Miller had evidently decided that this was something he wanted to do. A year ago this would

continued



Always a power player, Nicklaus cites Miller's developing long game as giving Johnny an edge



JACK ON BETTER *continued*

not have occurred to him, but repetitious success had convinced him that he was for real.

One afternoon Miller stood out on the terrace of the lodge, with Carmel Bay gleaming in the background and the sun's rays bounding off his golden good looks. Miller goes through life looking like a four-color Sears ad. He doesn't become human until he begins to talk. Then, he becomes a determined young guy who knows himself very well.

This day he was trying to explain the streak he was on, the 11 tournaments and almost half a million dollars he had won in the past 13 months. So let us now listen to Johnny Miller, freshly ordained superstar, and discover if we might not learn the secrets to wealth and happiness in his monologue:

"When I first came out here I only wanted to be a touring pro and make a living at it. I didn't think I had the game

Litterer won his first tournament since 1973 as the Great Confrontation played to a draw.

or the courage to be No. 1. I guess it first dawned on me that I was capable of it when I shot that 63 at Oakmont and won the U.S. Open. Some people have downgraded that. They say I went out early and finished early, and never experienced the pressure of the Open. That isn't true. I birdied the first four holes the final day, and at that point I knew I was either tied for the lead or a shot off. I played those last 14 holes under real pressure, and I stayed cool and won.

"The next thing that happened that sort of transformed my outlook on me was in Spain. Jack and I were the World Cup team. Wow. Me playing with Nicklaus. I wanted to play well so Jack wouldn't be disappointed in me. Well, I did. We won, but the main thing was, I beat Jack. I was even driving the ball up with him a lot. I was still growing and getting stronger.

"Then came last year, of course, which proved to me that I can really play this game. I started thinking, 'Hey, John, maybe you've got a chance to be the best there is.' I think I do. And I'll say it for publication: if Jack starts to slip a little, and I keep doing what I'm doing, I'm ready to take over.

"Look, I know what a lot of people think. Here's Jack, he's won 14 major championships and I've only won one, and until I've won about eight of them, some guys won't even want to discuss it. But the thing is, if you're talking about who's the best golfer, then you're talking about who's the best *right now*, and that would have to be me. Based on his career, Jack's a greater player than I am, of course. So are a lot of other people. And I'm even surprised to hear myself saying that I have a chance to be among the greatest, but my game keeps getting better and better, so here I am creating this rivalry by popping off.

"This will probably sound weird to some people, but I think one of my secrets is that I'm more in control of my subconscious than the other guys out here. I'm a mind-over-matter person and I apply it to my golf swing. I have myself programmed. Technically I've done two things that have improved my game. I'm holding onto the club tighter with the two bottom fingers of my left hand. What that does is give you more strength on the left side of your body, which is

one of the keys to good golf. This muscle right here, under your left arm, it's the key muscle in golf.

"And then, the other thing, which no one has noticed, is that I've gone from a three-motion swing to a two-motion swing. I'm not as loose and I don't sway like I used to. I don't take the irons back as far. My swing is more of a solid thing. Instead of one . . . two . . . and . . . three, now it's one . . . two. My irons are even more accurate than they were, and I've always been the kind of golfer who hits a lot of shots close to the hole.

"Another thing which helps me is that I don't have too many diversions. My family and my game, that's it. I'm not going to build a business empire I have to worry about. Why try to turn \$3 million into \$10 million if you can't spend it all, anyhow, if it's going to complicate your life. I know what a lot of people think. 'What fun is it to be Johnny Miller if you can't smoke or drink?' All I can say to something like that is that every now and then I sneak out in my Porsche and rip it up to 118."

So much for the challenger. Now it is another day at the Crosby, and in the late afternoon Jack Nicklaus has gone out to one of the putting greens at the lodge to practice chipping with his trusty sand wedge. For a few days friends have been acting especially nice to Jack, giving him ego a rubdown. He has been hearing such things as, "The score's still 14-1 in favor of you, Bube," and, "Miller hasn't taught Trevino or Player yet, Jack, so how's he gonna get The Bear?"

Nicklaus listens while a man recites some revealing statistics. Take 1974. Go ahead, take it. Nicklaus and Miller head-to-head in the 16 tournaments they both played. You ready? Jack, old buddy, you finished ahead of him in 11 of those. Know that? Not only that, you beat him in all four major championships, where he was never a contender. And, as a matter of fact, Jack, baby, for those 16 tournaments you—*you*, Bear—you won more money than he did. You against him, one-on-one, it was Nicklaus \$234,584 to Miller \$203,362.

Jack Nicklaus smiles, and now we hear from The Man:

"Frankly, it's the best thing that could happen to me. Hell, yes, he got me out to the practice tee in Florida. I'm not particularly excited about being No. 2. I'll tell you this, he's the best of all of them coming up—but I've said that before.

continued

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I've said he had the most potential, the best game. What we haven't known is how badly he wanted it.

"I've never done what he's done. Those scores. I haven't shot any 61s out there. I haven't won tournaments by 14 strokes. Here's something else. While he was doing what he did last year, I felt like I went the whole season without learning anything new about golf. It was the first time in my life I ever felt that way about the game. The combination of those things, and the way he's started out—that gets me out here jazzed up.

"He's got an edge on me, if you want to know the truth. He came into the game and made a living when he was thin and frail by chipping and putting. He developed his short game because he had to. I never had to do that. I came out as a big hitter and overpowered people. I never had to worry about the short game. He did. Now he's grown up. He's a strong kid and he is getting heavier every year. Now he's got the power game to go along with the finesse game. He's got it all, plus attitude.

"This is really a good thing when you think about it. It's good for the game, good for the tour. And it's better for me than anybody. Because I can't tell you how disinterested I am in being No. 2."

Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller finally saw each other on Friday in the press room of the Del Monte Lodge. Jack was completing an interview over the microphone when Johnny walked in, being the next invited guest, and sat down and stared up at Nicklaus. Both of them had shot 74 that day.

"Really took it apart, huh, Jack?" said Miller. "So did I."

Nicklaus leaned over and stuck out his hand.

"Congratulations on the past two weeks," said Nicklaus sincerely. "Really fantastic. Unbelievable."

"If I could have putted . . ." Johnny said with a twinkle.

Nicklaus got up from his chair to let Miller take over, and as Jack left the room he said, "You're heavier, aren't you?"

"Five pounds," said Miller.

Later Nicklaus said to someone, "What did he say he was? Five pounds heavier? He looks bigger. He's just a big, strong kid now with a hell of a golf game."

And Jack Nicklaus walked toward the practice tee.

END



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EDEN FIGHTS BACK



Faced with a runaway building boom, residents of Sanibel voted for incorporation in an effort to save the Florida island's basic charm

by **RAY KENNEDY**

How wonderful are islands! Islands in space, like this one I have come to, ranged about by miles of water, linked by . . . no cables, no telephones. . . . People, too, become like islands in such an atmosphere, self-contained, whole and serene; respecting other people's solitude, not intruding on their shores, standing back in reverence before the miracle of the individual.

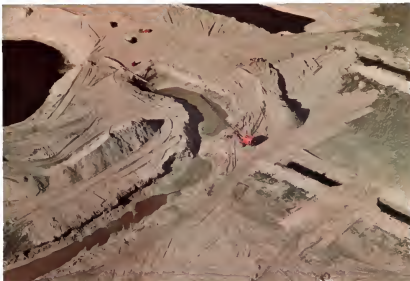
Anne Morrow Lindbergh might recoil in horror if she revisited the sandy retreats that inspired her rhapsodic 1955 bestseller, *Gift from the Sea*. For one thing, after basking for centuries in seclusion in the

Gulf of Mexico, a few miles off what is now Fort Myers, Fla., Sanibel and its smaller sister island, Captiva, are linked to the commercial mainland by a busy causeway and all manner of cables and jangling telephones. For another, so many condominiums are being erected on the islands that residents, fearful for the survival of the "Tahitis of the Americas," have been waging an exceedingly un-serene campaign called SOS—Save Our Sanibel.

In 1973 a building boom hit the islands like the severe tropical storm that recently swept away 50 yards of beach and a stand of Australian pines from in front

of the cottages where Mrs. Lindbergh wrote *Gift from the Sea*. In her beach-comber days Gulf-front property went for \$45 a front foot. Today it brings as much as \$1,250. A decade ago there was not a single condominium on Sanibel; now there are more than 2,500 units going up in a community with a year-round population of only 4,000.

The southernmost of the barrier islands off Florida's Gulf Coast, Sanibel is a 12-mile crescent of 11,000 acres that, unlike the other islands in the chain, faces south. Bearing the brunt of strong currents and mighty storms, its beaches are strewn with innumerable shells; in-



deed, they sometimes pile up as high as eight feet, making Sanibel the most widely known hunting ground for conchologists in the Western Hemisphere.

It is also the only Florida island with a freshwater river ("Miami Beach used to have one," says a local conservationist, "but they filled it in with concrete"). That nourishing feature, plus 3,500 acres of estuaries, tidal flats and mangrove swamps encompassed by the J.N. (Ding) Darling National Wildlife Refuge makes Sanibel a retreat where the birds outnumber the residents by more than 100 to 1.

The waters off Sanibel and Captiva are rich in snook and tarpon. It is a place where man still lives so close to nature that on a recent morning, while preparing to whip up his famous redfish omelets, the chef at the Lighthouse Restaurant was only slightly startled to find an alligator under the refrigerator; a place where golfers are menaced by falling coconuts and distracted by breaching porpoises; where grown men stop their cars to help a striped mud turtle cross the road.

Juan Ponce de León first encountered "the islands that jutted out into the sea" in 1513, while on a search for new outposts and more slaves. The customary account has it that, in honor of his de-

parted queen and benefactor, he christened the larger of the two islands Santa Isabella, later corrupted to Sanibel. Like many another modern-day interloper, De León found the natives restless when he returned in 1521 and attempted to establish a 16th-century version of a condominium: attacked by Calusa Indians, he escaped, but with an arrow wound in his thigh that eventually caused his death. And in the 1800s another adventurer, the legendary pirate Gasparilla, is supposed to have kept the loveliest of his female captives on Sanibel's sister island, where "their wails rose in the lonely nights of despair." Hence Captiva.

Isolated, and without electricity or paved roads through the first half of the 20th century, the islands were so blissfully remote that copies of the *Fort Myers News-Press* had to be dropped from a plane. There Teddy Roosevelt came to spear manta rays, Edna St. Vincent Millay to write and Zane Grey to fish. Clarence Rutland, a nurseryman, among many other things, was raised in the Sanibel Lighthouse and recalls fighting a brush fire with a man who introduced himself as Henry Ford. Now 83, Uncle Clarence, as he is known, also remembers Thomas Edison stopping by the lighthouse in a paddle-wheeler to discuss

rubber-tree plants. The chats were ludicrous, he says, because "Edison couldn't hear thunder through that long ear trumpet of his."

Still, the occasional visit from such personages as Edison and Teddy Roosevelt could scarcely be termed "tourism." That began in 1963, with the construction of the three-mile Sanibel Causeway, and the building explosion hit 10 years later.

In 1973 the value of building permits issued for Sanibel in one week exceeded that of those issued in all of 1972. Today a new two-bedroom beach house sells for \$150,000, and the old line "If God retired, He'd live on Sanibel" now prompts the sneering rejoinder, "Yeah, just so He could sell real estate on the side."

The sudden growth strained the ecological balance of Sanibel and Captiva to the point that the islands themselves became an endangered species. Located in the fastest-growing county in the U.S., Sanibelians were made acutely aware of their plight in 1974 when, despite a stiff \$3 toll, a record half million cars poured over the causeway.

Lured by ads promising the "Sound of Silence" at such dreamily named complexes as Sanibel Siesta, Oceans Reach and Sunset South, the influx of condo-

continued



minium buyers created instead a cacophony of growling bulldozers.

Surveyors' stakes adorned with scarlet ribbons cropped up like kidney beans in the densest reaches of the islands. Acres of red mangroves, whose long silt-retaining roots constitute the superstructure of the marshlands, were leveled. And on at least one occasion, digging for "real estate lakes" resulted in the intrusion of ocean brine into the freshwater system.

With beach litter mounting, with no public sewerage, and drinking water so scarce that a moratorium had to be imposed on further hook-ups, the Sanibel Captiva Conservation Foundation declared that the community was "quite literally under attack and fighting for survival."

More explicitly, Foundation Director Dick Workman warned that "If you destroy the natural features of this place, the wildlife will leave or die, and the people won't have much more of a choice."

The struggle to prevent such poverty of choice has been long and bitter, and, more than an exercise in self-determination, it is a chronicle of how one beleaguered community is thrashing out such questions as what to do to ensure orderly growth; to plan and regulate the productive use of its land; and to nourish its tourist economy without destroying the natural endowments on which it is based. In short, how, specifically, are Sanibel and Captiva to cope with the universal problem of man versus his environment?

The answer so far is—tenaciously. Ten years ago construction of the causeway incited one of the most spirited citizens' revolts since Concord Bridge. Though unsuccessful, the three-year Battle of the Bridge established a long and cherished tradition of gritty fighters on the islands, and last November, in a move befitting a celebration of the nation's Bicentennial, hardy citizens of Sanibel, oppressed by what they considered a tyrannical Lee County government across the bay, voted to declare their brave little island a free and independent city.

The drive to thus preserve Sanibel from a fate worse than Miami's began in earnest in September of 1973 when, after two years of painstaking preparation, the Sanibel-Captiva Planning

Board, Inc. submitted a comprehensive proposal for land use to the Lee County Commission in an effort to rein in the runaway builders. Zoning on Sanibel, as an unincorporated area, was under the jurisdiction of the county, but most islanders considered the prevailing regulations antiquated, and enforcement of even these all but nonexistent. Worse yet, there were frequent accusations that the five-member county commission was beholden to the developers.

Certainly the county's repudiation of most of the islands' requests for relief did little to alleviate the widespread belief that the commissioners were insensitive, if not downright antagonistic, to the Sanibel planners, many of whom were retired men of influence with considerably more experience in business and government than in land-use planning.

Last fall a move to forestall construction of a trailer park on Sanibel was denied, despite conservationists' claims that it would pollute the waters in an adjacent wildlife refuge. Commissioner George Goldtrap, a TV weatherman who was chairman of the county's governing body, complained, "Those people from Sanibel and Captiva always seem to be asking for some special treatment. They're making a nuisance out of themselves." In a column he was writing for the weekly *Island Reporter*, Goldtrap added that Vernon MacKenzie, then president of the Sanibel-Captiva Planning Board and a former U.S. assistant surgeon general, "should be reminded that people still have to make a living, and that giving away their land to socialist planners is not very profitable or very American." The *Island Reporter* ran a stinging editorial reply accusing Goldtrap of demagoguery "reminiscent of [the late] Senator [Joseph] McCarthy."

Perhaps the most telling indication of the standoff between the county and the islands occurred at a subsequent commission meeting when Goldtrap announced that he would like to "rid himself of all planners." To dramatize his stand, he moved to cease all further planning and zoning efforts, but his motion died for lack of a second. Then Commissioner Walter Shirey, representing the district that included the islands, introduced a motion to take legal action against three Sanibel condominiums for blatant violations of existing zoning ordinances. It too was ignored.

Faced with this state of affairs, the

SANIBEL'S SHELLS are its best-known feature, but the island supports a variety of wildlife that should, and now may, be protected.

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planning board became convinced that it could look for little or no help from the county, and Sanibelians had no trouble foreseeing the probable results if construction continued unabated. From the beach in front of the Sanibel Lighthouse they would point to Fort Myers Beach, a community with houses crowded between motels and billboards (SEE *NATURE'S CREATURES ON PARADE!*), as a monument to bad planning. And because of indiscriminate granting of zoning variances by the county, many of the more than 50 new businesses that had opened on Sanibel in the last year were already strewn helter-skelter along Periwinkle Way, the island's main road. With Dairy Queen open for business and a 7-Eleven in the offing, other chains were sure to follow. That is, if the community could not change the zoning ordinances that, among other encumbrances, permitted housing for up to 90,000 on Sanibel, a prospect that caused one alarmed resident to exclaim, "We'll just plain sink."

Drastic measures were clearly called for after the Lee County Commission shelved Sanibel's plan for land use and turned down a plea for a moratorium on building until the county worked out its own new master plan. So in late 1973 island leaders decided on the attempt to secede from the county's jurisdiction by making Sanibel an independent city. Twenty thousand dollars was raised, the Sanibel Home Rule Study Group formed, a professional planning consultant hired and public meetings held. And on March 27, 1974, by a vote of 436 to 358, the citizens of Sanibel elected to place a referendum for incorporation on November's ballot.

At stake was the right to elect a five-member city council; to create new zoning ordinances consistent with the special needs of the island; to develop a master plan that would guarantee orderly growth and protect the environment; and to set and enforce density ratios, height restrictions on buildings and setback lines from the beaches.

Desirable as all of this sounds, passage of the referendum was by no means assured. One obvious problem was the additional taxation that would be required to finance the myriad services and responsibilities of an independent Sanibel—additions to the police force, maintenance of city streets, parks and recreational facilities (Captiva, linked to

Sanibel by a block-long bridge, was realistically excluded from the referendum because of its heavy dependence on county funds for beach erosion control). Estimates indicated that at first only an additional 3.1-mill tax levy, which works out to \$124 on a \$40,000 assessment, would be needed to launch the new city of Sanibel, but the financial burden was just one of several hotly debated issues that promptly divided Sanibel residents into distinct but polarized camps.

The "IGMs" were the I-Got-Mine property owners concerned with protecting their own interests while pretending to work for the good of all. There were the builders, out to pillage and ravage the land, and the conservationists, who preferred water moccasins to people. The Gulf Drive mafia were the wealthy islanders who bought influence. And the cliff dwellers, the condo owners, whose sole interest was resale values. Mistrust was rampant.

At the American Legion's semi-annual mullet-and-hush-puppy fry, plumber Marvin Post complained that "this incorporation thing is going to squeeze the little guy right out of business. The haves want to be serviced by the have-nots, but they forget that we've got to have a place to live. They want to turn Sanibel into some kind of millionaires' paradise. It's socialismism."

Canoeing down the Sanibel River, Dick Workman, the environmentalist, pointed out "Exhibit A," a half-mile stretch of shoreline stripped of its heavy foliage for a new housing development. "This kind of barbarism," he said, "is why we must incorporate to stop the irresponsible builders."

Robert Houser, one of the riverfront developers, pointed an accusing finger right back. "These so-called conservationists want to keep the islands all to themselves. If they had their way they'd blow up the causeway. At the first public meeting on incorporation, they put on one of the most unruly, vulgar exhibitions I've ever seen, booing and hissing whenever anyone else tried to talk. Disgusting!"

While tending bar at his restaurant, the Coconut Grove, builder John Kontonios explained why the state had ordered him to restore 40 acres of mangroves destroyed in the construction of a sprawling new development called The Dunes. "When we set aside those 40 acres for runoff," he said, "the culvert didn't op-

erate and we flooded the mangroves and killed them. The question is," he added darkly, "who deliberately dammed up that culvert? And who put sand in the gas tanks of our equipment? I don't want to see this island raped. I've lived here for 18 years, which is about 13 years longer than [Planning Board President] MacKenzie. He himself, in fact, lives on land filled in by one of those big bad developers."

One of the most celebrated combatants was 80-year-old Willis Combs. Two years ago, when the county planned to run a road through a preserve of 100 rare trees and plans that he had been nurturing for more than two decades, Combs enlisted the aid of everyone from the Girl Scouts to the garden club in a campaign called "Let It Be." According to one account, when all else failed he lay down in front of the bulldozers while his wife Opal stood at the ready with her trusty bow and arrow, the result being that no road was built.

Combs, who every morning dutifully hoists the Stars and Stripes in front of his beachfront house, was but one of an army of volunteers who actively fought the developers. At one point, shaking his cane in anger, he rallied the troops by complaining that "those fast-buck artists are cheating so much on the height restrictions." Since the restrictions at the time allowed a building to rise only 35 feet above ground level, the height to be measured from the center of the nearest approved road, Combs had a point when he observed that "it's like measuring a man from his neck to his kneecaps. I'm going to put on a pair of stilts and go down to the county courthouse and tell them I'm a condominium."

As for Esperanza Woodring, one of Sanibel's original homesteaders and at 73 still one of its best fishing guides, she had no use for any of the factions. Standing barefoot on her backyard dock she said, "I don't even think about all those condominiums put up with spit. I've been through many a hurricane, and, believe me, one good blow will settle everything." Her feelings about incorporation were summed up with the observation that "all those people with money are cahootin' together, tryin' to rob the open air from other folks. Both sides are equally bad and I wouldn't honor either with my vote."

On Nov. 5, 1974 the island's registered voters showed they disagreed with Mrs.

continued



Woodring. An impressive 85% of them turned out to cast their ballots, and the incorporation referendum was passed by a vote of 689 to 394.

This was, of course, more a beginning than an end. A month of spirited campaigning followed passage of the bill, and the islanders elected five city councilmen who, in turn, named Porter Goss, top vote-getter in the general election and a 36-year-old former political analyst for the CIA, the first mayor of Sanibel. Swearing-in ceremonies took place at the community center, and a local hibiscus grower named a new hybrid the Sanibel Councilman in honor of the occasion, after which the island's new governing body passed 10 resolutions and eight ordinances at its first session shortly before the new year.

Most notable among them was a decree to the effect that no new building permits or zoning changes were to be issued for at least 90 days, or until a comprehensive land-use plan was adopted. Only those builders who had received permits before the incorporation vote and had actually broken ground within 60 days thereafter were allowed to continue construction. Two large motel chains had managed to marshal their forces to gain a beachhead on Sanibel, and anxious developers rushing to beat the deadline got approval for 13 con-

SEA GULLS STAND, but shell collectors are forced into what is called the Sanibel Bend.



miniums, 31 single-family dwellings, 17 duplexes and 11 other projects before the city council took over. But further extensions of the dreaded Wall, a three-mile stretch of condominiums built chockablock by the sea, could be stopped. No longer would the condos be allowed to lay their foundation walls so close to the surf that they not only caused serious erosion but threatened to bring entire buildings toppling down when the next hurricane hit. And one of the island's largest developers, Mariner Properties, Inc., has, by and large, lived up to its credo of "low density, high quality living." Run by a pair of amiable 33-year-old whizzes named Bob Taylor and Allen Ten Brock, the company is patterned after the widely acclaimed Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, S.C.

The vote for independence was taken before Sanibel became so metropolitan that it was above stirring itself into a controversy over a new acquisition—its first traffic light. Nor has there been much rejoicing of late to equal the kind that greeted the announcement that Captiva's only pair of bald eagles gave birth for the first time in five years: what conservationist George Campbell calls "devout pests" may have come into their own.

Campbell, an international officer of the Fund for Animals, Inc. and director of the Zoological Action Program (ZAP), is one of the leaders of the movement to protect the island's wildlife. Tending to his favorite creatures, he allows that "I have a real feel for what is going on with reptiles." To prove it, Campbell will step onto the lakeside dock behind his home and let loose with a guttural "Yanmuk! Yanmuk!" and, sure enough, his "juvenile distress call" almost always brings an adult alligator swimming to the rescue.

In the former "Mosquito Capital of the World," where the insects were once "so thick that you could swing a quart pail and catch a gallon of 'em," Campbell has earned the disdain even of his wife in his efforts to have certain insecticides banned. "It doesn't matter," he says. "I'll just keep writing enough letters and making enough stink until something happens. I've been making trouble all my life. And I'll tell you. It works."

So does Care & Rehabilitation of Wildlife, Inc. (CROW), a kind of wildlife paramedical service operated by Shirley Walter and Jessie Dugger. Traveling as far as Miami to rescue their "pa-

tients"—blind pelicans, one-legged mallards, grounded barn owls, an osprey with pneumonia—they customarily administer to more than 100 birds, plus outpatients who return for brunch, in their "hospital," an enclosed pond in the backyard of their Sanibel home.

"Somebody always takes care of people, one way or the other," says Shirley Waller, "but no one ever takes care of the animals. So we feel we owe them something."

With such devotion, the future of Sanibel and Captiva seems secure. Still, as an independent Sanibel ministers to its own special growing pains in the second half of the decade, it must also face up to far-ranging questions: What right has any one group, however lofty its professed ideals, to reserve its beaches and other natural endowments for the enjoyment of the exclusive few? And on the other hand, at what point does accommodating the many work to the detriment of all? Recently, Florida Governor Reubin Askew, noting that three out of every four Floridians live on the shoreline, said that it would soon be necessary "to try to divert a lot of the development away from the water. It's like killing the goose that laid the golden egg when you start developing the very resource people want when they come. Everyone simply cannot live on the water."

At the same time, sounding a warning for Sanibel and any other community that might try to cut itself off from the outside world, Askew said, "You are going to find more and more protective regulations in order to insure public access to the water."

In addition, the state's Environmental Land Management Study Committee reports that "attitudes are changing rapidly today in the midst of growth, environmental and energy problems. There is a growing body of opinion that land is not just private property, but is also a natural and a national resource."

Which is what the majority of the residents of Sanibel think. As Mayor Gross observes, "Sanibel is a perfectly extraordinary demonstration of democracy in action. The people were dissatisfied. They made it known what they wanted in a meaningful way, and now, at long last, we've got control of our own destiny."

It is the will of the people that we preserve the unique natural assets of the island, and we plan to see that their mandate is carried out."

END

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the fun of freezing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KUELMER

Every season at this time, all St. Paul, Minn. spills outdoors to frolic in the frigid weather—they call it a c-c-c-cornival—stirring up a warm conviviality that not only eases the long wait for springtime, but serves to prove another cold adage. that for those who get out and thrash around, winter misery loves company











plenty of reason and a fine touch of rime

and flail their arms in winglike motion, an oldtime seasonal rite called making an angel.

Where one needs the most ingenuity is in *real* winter—pipe-busting, house-cracking, blue-eared cold like they have in Minnesota, in Steamboat Springs, Colo., in Wyoming. Perhaps because man likes to call attention to the uniqueness of his habitat, winter games get organized. Even summer sports like baseball get winterized. One forgets the tingling in fingers and toes and gets out there, cold as a brass monkey, but ready. In such spots as Dartmouth, for example, or St. Paul, or Stowe, Vt. the games have evolved over the years into full-blown carnivals.

Speed skaters glide across a frozen lake, churning up their reflections until the ice looks like last year's white shag rug. And skating, possibly as old as frozen lakes themselves, is only the beginning. Would Hans Brinker believe a mutt race on the ice? The dogs set off, sometimes reluctantly, for trophy dashes around the lake, guided by muffled masters sledging behind. This is obviously not a race for Chihuahuas—well, unless one hitched up a couple of hundred or so—but almost any dog bigger than a sled, and with a tolerance for human madness, will do.

Out in snowland, softball also survives the season: it is a matter of simple conversion. The balls are painted orange, the better to spot them in the snow. Players wear galoshes instead of spikes, and slide on practically every play into Masonite bases frozen into the ice. The umpire moves around a lot, often giving a signal that would be unintelligible to summer-only participants: he folds his arms across his chest, clutches his shoulders, and jumps up and down.

Classic games and not-so-classic games dominate the season. There is skiing, of course, hockey, and curling, that shuffleboard on ice. Snowmobiles, half

sled and half cycle, race across the plains, producing an avalanche of sound when motors intrude on a silent world. Much more in tune with the décor is a real sled dog race, the ancient vehicles pulled by Siberian huskies, their breath hanging in quiet crystals on the air, their drivers exhilarated by the whoosh of runners through snow.

Minnesota leads the nation in figuring out ways to frolic on slippery surfaces that other states spread salt over. The venerable St. Paul winter carnival, now in its 46th session, has something for everybody. Sports car races on the ice? Absolutely, although the cars are equipped with specially studded tires, lest the race turn into a demolition derby. At speeds of up to 120 mph, normal tires provide about as much traction on the glistening lakes as they would after you've driven off a cliff.

There are less reckless games. Carnivals offer such things as broomball, where teams shuffle around sans skates, wielding brooms like hockey sticks, striking volleyballs instead of pucks. There is competitive ice sculpture, with never a lack of material to work with, and there are parades aplenty, featuring frozen trombones and bundled-up majorettes.

True, winter is long, often turning sulen in the end when even the faintly falling snow turns coffee-colored. But it is here now. And while it lasts, you might as well go make yourself an angel.

—JANNETTE BRUCE

Ah, for the hiemal, hibernal, the hyperborean time of year. A great clutch of words pertaining to winter begin with the letter *h*, including horripilation, which everybody knows is a case of "chilliness accompanied by goose pimples." In any event, the season is right for icy play and competition, for heterothermic activity. Winter in the north is essentially for frosty-faced kids dragging their sleds up glacial hills, or simply whomping down on pieces of cardboard or even flying by the seat of their pants. But grown-ups, too, have been known to plop down on their backs in the fresh snow

HE WINS UPHILL BATTLES, TOO

Tall, dark and handsome Toni Sailer tried acting after taking three gold medals in the '56 Olympics, but it was as a director that he had his biggest hit, reviving the Austrian ski team **by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON**

He was tall, dark and strapping, innocence personified, and at his peak there was no better ski racer in the world than Toni Sailer. Nor were there many people who were more famous. He was young, insufferably handsome, a window maker and cave-spoon installer by profession, and the first man ever to win three gold medals in a single Winter Olympics, taking the slalom, giant slalom and downhill at Cortina in 1956. A year or two later a nationwide poll was taken in Austria, asking which person had done most for the country in its thousand-year history. Toni Sailer, the mountain boy from Kitzbühel, finished fifth behind Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Sailer was only 20 when he swept the Olympics, and he wore an air of innocence, a hint of dimpled boyhood, the mildest touch of peasant simplicity. His looks were so stunning, featuring magnificent batting eyelashes and large soft brown eyes, that there could be no justifiable way that there should be more than a fairly dim bulb of light inside that handsome head. It simply would not be fair for God to have given anyone such great looks and a fine mind as well. So they called him a hick and Toni responded by flashing his snowy bashful smile. He skied everybody off the mountain until 1959. Then he quit and became a movie actor, playing a hockey goalie, a movie guard, a cowboy, a garage mechanic, a gas-station attendant and, naturally, a dashing skier. And gradually Toni Sailer dropped out of sight.

Now let us flash ahead to 1972. There was a crisis in Austria: the national ski team was in a shambles, demoralized after its defeat in the Olympics at Sapporo. Karl Schranz, the venerable downhiller, had been summarily sent home from Japan by the International Olympic Committee. He was barred forever

from amateur competition for doing something every major skier has done for a decade: taking money. The only consistent performer left was the splendid Annemarie Proell. In most countries this situation would be merely a superficial setback, but in Austria it was alarming, something that might have significant economic repercussions. The Austrian ski team is in reality a strong arm of Austrian commerce, a key element in selling and promoting Alpine tourism. Something had to be done. And in that serious hour Austria turned to the hayseed for help, naming Toni Sailer as the technical director of the team, in effect the supreme commander of competitive skiing in Austria.

People didn't quite know what to make of it. Could Toni Sailer coach? David Zwilling, 25, a veteran member of the team, recalls, "We thought we would be getting a national monument to coach us. And who thinks a national monument can coach a skier?"

At this point the monument had become a hit poorly. He was prosperous, the owner of a successful pension in Kitzbühel. He had been doggedly cautious with the money he made as an actor. Still, his movie career was dead now, and the luster of his Olympic sweep had long since been dimmed by the subsequent performance and glamour of Jean-Claude Killy. Sailer had become a second-rate celebrity at pro-am golf tournaments in the Alpine countries. Beyond the Alps the currency of his name had fallen almost to the point of trivia. "Who besides Killy won three..." Hans Czappek, the Austrian team trainer who has known Sailer for years, says, "The job was the best thing that could happen. Toni was fat and drank too much a few years ago. But look at him now! Just look at him!"

Now, two years after he took the helm, Toni Sailer is trim and confident, a dashing lion of the mountains once more. At 39 he is perhaps even handsomer with middle-age lines lending character to his clean features. There is no bumpkin in him (many people say there never was). When he stands on the mountain he displays the deceptive men of a captain of industry (which, given the economy of Austria, he surely is).

Out of the shambles of 1972 Sailer has constructed one of the best ski teams of the decade, a tightly knit and warring group which easily won the class at the 1974 FIS World Championships in St. Moritz last February and ran off with the World Cup team championship with 1,315 points to runner-up Italy's 766. Annemarie won her fourth straight individual World Cup title, is now en route to her fifth and the entire team is again leading the league. And with the Winter Olympics of 1976 scheduled for Innsbruck again, Toni Sailer may pass Mozart in the polls through another kind of Olympic triumph: as coach of a team that paves its country's streets with gold.

There has been a remarkable turnaround in the team's fortunes, and Sailer speaks with pride when he explains what he has done to make it happen. "When I first came to the team they had broken all apart. They had lost discipline. With skiers that can be bad. If you let them go and there is no control, they are lost—whoosh—overnight. This had happened. So I had to make changes. First, I put all of our skiers together. They had been separated in A, B and C teams, but I put all 110 kids together and told them everyone has a chance to come straight onto the first team. No more the young ones have to wait for an old one to grow so old he loses all his FIS points. This I



TODAY'S TONI isn't as fast as the old model (left), but he looks just about as dashing.

told them in our first camp. Of course, the old ones started talking behind my back. Then they asked me if they had to be in bed by 10 o'clock, like the young ones. I said yes, everybody in bed at 10 o'clock, that is clear. If you want to stay up late with a girl friend or a movie, I said, you ask me. But no one up after 10 o'clock unless I know about it, then there is no control on the team. If you don't like it, I told them, we are not interested in having you here. You must want what we want or you must go."

Discipline came back fast. But this was not to be merely a regime of hard rules and rigid obedience. Toni Sailer is a more subtle fellow than that. "You have to make ski racing fun, you know," he says. "You must have new things. A top ski racer, if he skis on a hill four or five times, he knows every bump. We tried to find new scenery, new hills. Also skaters must have other interests. It takes them a while to get to the point where they see that skiing isn't everything. It is not a normal life, just skiing, skiing, skiing, then going to bed, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping."

—CHRISTOPHER

You have to bring them together with other things, to the theater or to visit cases they have not seen and to talk to people who are not ski people. And I am against taking children of 14 onto the national team for training. They should stay home, be with their own coaches and have a life like real children have. I have been president of the Kitzbühel Ski Club since 1968, and I see lots of kids who come and cry because they are training so much they can't play any games. It's no good—just school and skiing, school and skiing. Then it gets to be like figure skating, no fun."

Beyond these insights, Sailer is said by experts to have an almost superhuman "eye" on the hill, an ability to detect nearly invisible flaws in a racer's technique. "If I can see a racer coming down, yes, I can see many of his mistakes," he says. "But that is not all there is to it. With top skiers like Proell or Zwilling you have to be very careful. Mainly you must not talk too much. Wait, wait. Send them away, say, 'It's O.K., go now, we will talk later.' It is better to say nothing than to say the wrong thing, because once you have told them wrong, they won't believe you anymore, even if you are right. Wait, wait, wait. I tell all the coaches that. It took me almost eight slaloms to find out what the problem was with Proell last year. She was always falling. I finally saw that it was her boots. She needed support in her heels. I knew it pretty much for sure after the fourth slalom, but I watched five, six, eight before I told her, so I knew I was certain."

The Austrian ski team is really a powerful, luxurious machine. Its budget is \$660,000 a year. There is a staff of 13 coaches. Sailer is paid \$25,000 a year. The team trains summers in Chile, New Zealand, Australia. It is a big business that Sailer runs for his homeland. There was nothing like it when he was racing.

For example, Sailer recalls his own "technical director" of the 1950s. "Well, he was a good sportsman, but his specialty was Nordic skiing. He didn't know anything about the downhill races. He liked to play games with us. It was very relaxed for everyone. I did no training in the summer and not much in the fall. I slept as much as I wanted. I drank a little wine from time to time. Nobody had any money to go out on the town. You

had just two Swiss francs [about 40¢] to go from Kitzbühel to Geneva, so you could buy just one sandwich for a 16-hour train ride. Ski manufacturers didn't have money to spend on racers then. You got a pair of skis. You skied on them. If you liked them, fine. There was no money involved.

"Our bindings in those days were fixed toe pieces with thongs. The skis were made of hickory and ashwood. I never made much money as an amateur. I made 10,000 schillings [\$500] at the World Championships in 1958. There was no money around skiing then." By contrast, Killy admitted being paid \$50,000 in 1968, the year he won the triple Olympic gold at Grenoble.

But Sailer's Olympic triumph was by no means without reward. Grateful neighbors in Kitzbühel gave him, with no strings attached, a valuable parcel of land for his pension. With an \$80,000 mortgage he put up a quaint, gabled 32-room hotel—Haus Toni Sailer—the first pension in Kitzbühel with a private bath for every room. And then there were the movies. European producers could not resist Sailer's smile, his strapping physique, his worldwide fame. He was invited practically at the Cortina finish line to go to Munich and test for a role in an Alpine love story.

When Sailer arrived at the studio he was astonished to find 20 professional actors, all waiting to test for the same role. He was nonplussed and, ultimately, mortified. He recalls, "Nobody told me what I was supposed to do. They just put makeup on me and handed me a script. I was supposed to open a door, take off my hat and sit down next to a girl on a bench. It was awful. It seemed to me that a thousand people were watching me. I got so nervous. I can't even remember whether I got the hat off my head. Just get it over with was my idea. As soon as it was over I ducked out of there fast. That was the end of the movie business as far as I was concerned."

But it wasn't. Georg Richter of the Bavaria Film Co. saw Sailer being his natural self on a Munich quiz show a few weeks later. Though Sailer had been deeply hurt by his failure at his first screen test and wanted nothing more to do with such painful foolishness, Richter prevailed on him to try once more, and soon

was raving to the local press, "We have just found the replacement for Tyrone Power."

For openers Richter put Sailer in a corny low-budget B picture called *A Piece of Heaven* in which he played a gas station attendant who wins the heart of a snobbish countess after he fixes her car. The movie drew no praise for Sailer's acting, but it made a little money. Richter then cast him in another bit of box-office peanut brittle called *Der schwarze Blot* (*Black Lightning*). Toni played a dashing, handsome Tyrolean ski hero who turns down the love of a rich man's daughter to marry a poor girl whose father owns a local inn.

At this point—it was the summer of 1958—Toni Sailer was just 22. He had no idea of retiring from racing. He had won two gold medals at the FIS World Championships at Bad Gastein the previous winter, and when someone asked him if he hoped to win three more gold medals in the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley, Sailer grinned and said, "Does a man like to eat? Does a man like to sleep? Does a man wish to go to heaven?"

Alas, Toni was not to enter heaven via the peaks of Squaw Valley. He had claimed all along that his profession was acting and that his success in that medium had nothing to do with his celebrity as a skier. However, the four-member Amateurism Committee of the Federation Internationale de Ski announced that it was ve-e-e-ry suspicious that Sailer's name was in lights on the marquees of Europe largely because of his excellence as a ski racer. In order to determine whether he was in reality an accomplished actor who just happened to ski or a famous skier who just happened to be lumbering about the set, they arranged for a private screening of early rushes from *Black Lightning*. One summer afternoon in 1958 the committee entered a projection room, watched approximately one-fourth of the film and came out shaking their heads. There was much more skiing footage than acting footage in Toni's part, but Amateurism Committee jurors said there had not been enough film for them to judge his dramatic talent. The committee voted briefly with the absurd idea of flying in Italian Director Roberto Rossellini to hand down a verdict on Toni's acting prowess

continued

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always hold arms that way—this morning he mistook spray starch for his underarm deodorant. Smokes his fat cigs down so far the ashes drop behind his teeth. **4.** No. He's Hugh Midfly. Formerly Channel 58's Whistling Weatherman. Lost his job because the weather didn't agree with him. Smokes Sub-Zero icy menthol cigarettes. Feels like he has a cold front right under his nose. **5.** Right. He came here to cool off, not show off. No gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Smokes CAMEL FILTERS. Rich, flavorful smoking. Without coming on strong. **6.** Unidentified. Frying object.

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(and ultimately his amateur standing) but discarded the project as being too expensive.

Finally Sailer saved them the trouble of producing an official FIS critique on acting. He retired from racing in 1959, saying, "I can't risk spending a year training hard, and then being told by the Olympics officials that I couldn't compete." Anyway, by that time his mother had already issued her famous declaration: "Toni has won enough gilded medals. It is time he made some money."

Sailer set out with a vengeance to obey mom. The movies were his meter, he decided, but there was much to be learned. The critics were hard on his work in *Black Lightning*, and Toni was depressed and disappointed by his own image on the screen. "It was like when you hear what you think is your deep voice on a tape recorder, and it comes out high and squeaky." But he kept trying. His third film, *Twelve Girls and a Man*, in which he played a border guard who runs into 12 pretty girls on vacation in an Alpine hut, was panned. So was his fourth, *A Thousand Stars Shine*, in which he played a garage mechanic who gets the girl after an auto accident. Toni was shaken by the scathing reviews. But he had a gritty old motto which he repeated often: "It is disgraceful to do something half right."

Sailer moved to Berlin and put himself in the hands of Elise Bongers, a celebrated actors' coach. He worked grimly, assiduously, to lose his dense Tyrolean dialect and to loosen up his stiff, awkward movements on camera. Four months later he flew off to Japan to make a movie in which it didn't matter if his dialect was Urdu-Swahili. The film was called *King of the Silvery Summits*, a bushy bit of Oriental cinema soap in which Toni played an Alpine ski champion who is accused of causing a fatal avalanche. He beats it out of Europe to Japan, somehow manages to become the Japanese champion under a false name, falls in love with a Japanese girl, is finally cleared of responsibility for the avalanche, returns home, wins medals in the Olympic Games, is acclaimed a hero, etc., etc.

Sailer was in Japan five months and was greeted everywhere as if he were the Emperor's prodigal son. There were police escorts, parades, screaming thou-

sands lining his route into the smaller cities. Groups of girls kept him awake at night, shrieking for his autograph. In Nagano crowds broke into his hotel room, and he had to lock himself in the bathroom until they left. The same pictures which bombed in Europe, *Black Lightning* and *Twelve Girls and a Man*, attracted more than a million customers in Japan. He even sold records there, crooning in a thin, gentle voice, and when *King of the Silvery Summits* was released it drew 1.5 million fans.

Nevertheless, Sailer's acting ability remained very much in doubt. It was suggested that many Japanese went to his movies to study his skiing technique. His box-office success in Japan did help a little to resuscitate his European career, and he went home to star in *The White Dream*, a remake of a pre-war hit. Toni played a hockey goalie who fell in love with a figure skater. It was a fair success, and Sailer continued to act through the '60s. He made about two dozen movies, acted on the stage in *Death of a Salesman* and *The Mousetrap* and was an occasional crooner. He did a TV series called *Luftspringer*, of which he says cryptically, "It was a lot like *Bonanza*." He wrote a book called *Mein Weg zum deutschen Olympiasieger (How I Won The Triple Crown)*. He dabbled in the stretch ski pants business, and fiber-glass skis bore his name. He was romantically linked to many women, including Rosny Schneider, but he never married. The woman he called his fiancée for several years, who was from Kitzbühel, died at Toni's pension three years ago while he was on a golf trip. He was stricken by the tragedy for many months.

All through his acting career Sailer has remained at the edge of the ski world. There was, of course, the Kitzbühel pension and, Toni says, "I did sports commentary at the 1964 Olympics at Innsbruck and the 1968 Olympics in Grenoble. I did Sapporo for Austrian TV. I wrote a column for a newspaper. But, you see, I have no profession. Yes, I was an actor for 15 years. That was my profession, I did nothing else. I worked hard at it. But in 1972 I did my last movie. I quit. It was a ski movie. I was a ski instructor, a young lover. I don't even know the title of that movie anymore. But, you know, it is good to do so many



TEAMED with starlet Ina Bauer, among others, Sailer almost made it as a movie idol.

things, to get another view. I couldn't do the job I do now without having done the other things."

It is true that coaching has its drawbacks as well as its rewards. Sailer says, "Coaching is very hard, you're always away from home. You can do better than the pay here. It is not in comparison with what you would get if you tended to your businesses. Coaching is skiing, skiing, skiing, skiing. Nothing else. It closes your mind, and you must be aware of that. The main reason I took the job is that I believe I can do some things in it better than others. I like this thing, I like it very much. In the end, of course, they may kick you away. You know it. You know sport. You cannot win all the time. You must sometimes lose. It's a big risk. The risk on my side is as much as the risk on the skiers. But if you don't risk anything, you cannot enjoy anything. I have always believed that."

At this point his risk is paying off just fine. He stands high in the hearts of Austrians once more, supreme commander of a team that might sweep the Innsbruck Olympics as stunningly as Sailer once swept Cortina as an individual. Watch out, Movart.

END

BRINGING THE OUTDOORS IN



CUNNINGHAM'S "SPORTSMAN" HAS A BROADER NATURE

About the only way to avoid animal shows on television these days is to leave the set turned off. They seem to be coming at us from every continent and archipelago. Most are cheaply produced and merely hope to catch an audience of children and a few adults in that half-hour gap between the nightly network news and prime time. But while quantity, not quality, is the rule, there is an exception on Sunday afternoons now that *The American Sportsman* has returned for its 11th annual winter and spring run on ABC-TV.

Sportsman is much more than an animal show, of course, although that is the way the public often thinks of it. Whatever they call it, the number of devotees has become impressive. Last spring *The American Sportsman* ranked fourth among sports series on television, with an average of nearly 7 million homes tuned in each week, easily beating CBS' National Basketball Association telecasts (5.1 million) and NBC's National Hockey League games (3.1 million).

Sportsman began its current run with a program on wolves stalking caribou in the Canadian Northwest and has also shown Bing Crosby and Phil Harris hunting Canadian geese. Coming up are Dick Butkus going for Pacific salmon and actress Margot Kidder in a beautifully photographed essay on hang-gliding. The celebrities enjoy themselves so much that they go out of their way

to be hooked on *Sportsman* although their only reward is usually a trip into the outdoors and a shotgun or some fishing equipment.

Producer-Director Neil Cunningham won't discuss his budget in detail, but *Sportsman* is obviously an expensive and demanding task. On the average, a single segment takes about eight weeks to produce and may cost as much as \$150,000. Ideas for shows come mainly from Cunningham, Writer Pat Smith and Host Curt Gowdy.

Working from a list of about 50 possible programs, they shoot from 15 to 22 a year. In some cases an excellent idea might have to wait two or three years before the right person is found to fit it.

In its 11 years *Sportsman* has gradually changed from a strictly hunting-fishing program to one with a wider perspective on how mankind uses and abuses wildlife and the outdoors. Cunningham feels the show now has a responsibility to treat environmental problems, even though he long ago found out that a vocal portion of his audience prefers only hunting and fishing.

The American Sportsman is shown in the middle of Sunday afternoon, when, some television executives believe, a large part of the audience is in a "beer haze" and does not care about quality programming. If that is the case, it is too bad, because *Sportsman* is done with flair, a sense of humor and, at times, a subtle suggestion of outrage over man's treatment of his environment. One of the forthcoming segments deals with elephant poaching in Africa, and the realism is shocking. Next week *Sportsman* will show Peter Benchley, the author of *Jaws*, diving among sharks in a program that may be the best of this year's series. The photography, some of it shot at night with surprising clarity, and the reactions of both man and fish are haunting.

"With the possible exception of Austri-

lians, no other people have the outdoor heritage Americans have," says Cunningham. "We now somehow seem called to the outdoors more and more. Today's teenagers seem to enjoy the outdoors more than youngsters of the recent past. Because of affluence, there are more opportunities to get to the outdoors today, and the youngsters know how to treat it."

When he was young Cunningham's enjoyment of the outdoors was considerable, even though he was brought up in the New York City borough of Queens, where the deer and the antelope seldom play. In the summers he visited a friend in upstate Dutchess County. "I would get up in the mornings and walk into the woods and look and listen," Cunningham says. "I'd spend the entire day out there. Did that for a lot of summers. My friend's father was a chef at the Advertising Club, and in the fall we would drive up in a 1939 DeSoto to hunt deer, something we weren't much good at. It took us four years to get one."

For six years Cunningham worked with Fred Friendly on the excellent CBS *Reports* commentaries. Friendly is regarded as one of the geniuses of broadcasting, mostly for the programs he did with Edward R. Murrow in the 1950s. "With Fred nobody was ever left out of a project," says Cunningham. "You were part of the decisions and encouraged to voice an opinion. It was a great way to learn the business."

Cunningham left CBS in 1969. "I was one of those guys whose contract was up at the wrong time," he says. "Bud Morgan was producing *Sportsman* at the time and he asked me if I would like to do some things for it. I thought it was time for a change and joined him. In 1973 I became the producer of the show. Now I don't get the chance to go into the outdoors nearly as often as I would like. I have a boat and was on it only eight times all last year. There is nothing that takes you away from the pressure cooker like getting out in a boat and drifting. I'll go out with the intention of staying for just a couple of hours and not come back until dark."

By staying indoors more than he cares to, Cunningham has brought the best of the outdoors home to the rest of us.

END

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to the fast-growing women's game**



CRAWFORD DRIVES IN AGAINST ST. JOE'S

The sports world will not long remember that Immaculata College defeated the University of Maryland 80-48 at the Terps' Cole Fieldhouse last week, but it will not soon forget the occasion. For the first time, a women's intercollegiate basketball game was broadcast live by a television network, and another milestone in the rapid growth of women's sports was passed. Mizlou Productions, Inc., which had hoped to telecast the game nationally, only succeeded in showing it in about 70% of the country. No matter. You've still come a long way, Ma.

And you look ready to move even farther, particularly in basketball, the fastest-growing women's team game. The sport now ranks as the most popular among high school girls, and breakthroughs are being made almost every day at the collegiate level. The night before the Maryland game, Immaculata and St. Joseph's played the first women's intercollegiate contest in Philadelphia's Palestra not involving the University of Pennsylvania, which owns the building. On Washington's Birthday, Immaculata and strong Queens (N.Y.) College will meet in Madison Square Garden. Recently a women's professional league, with hot-pink and white basketballs, was founded and in 1976 the women's game will be an Olympic sport for the first time.

Much of the credit for the sudden recognition being accorded women's college basketball belongs to tiny Immaculata, a Catholic school 20 miles west of Philadelphia with an enrollment of slightly more than 500 girls. Without scholarships or a physical education major to attract athletically inclined young women, Immaculata has won three straight national championships. In doing so, the Mighty Macs have received more attention from the media than more likely winners might have. "Right now Immaculata is carrying the image and the future of women's basketball," says Coach Cathy Rush.

The sisters who run the college are understandably proud of their team, but their enthusiasm is tempered by an uneasiness that, like Frankenstein's, their creation might grow into a monster. While other schools are embarking on programs that include athletic scholarships for women players, Immaculata is in no danger of overemphasizing basketball. Sister Marie Antoine, the president of the school, says, "We do not want the image of a sports college."

Immaculata's rise began with Rush's arrival in the fall of 1970. The school did not even have a gym that season, but in Rush's second year it qualified for the first Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW) national championship playoffs. To get to the tournament in Normal, Ill., the team had to fly standby, and after winning, it did not have the money to fly back. The following year the players had to sell toothbrushes and beer mugs to raise money to defend their title.

Last year the AIAW for the first time permitted schools that give athletic scholarships to enter the national tournament, a decision that seemed likely to end Immaculata's reign. Undaunted, the Mighty Macs easily defeated Mississippi College 68-53 to win their third straight title. As a reward this season, they finally have regulation leather—instead of rubber—basketballs with which to practice. But that hardly means their title-winning streak is secure. The Mighty Macs' only loss in six games this season came early last week, 78-62, to William Penn College of Iowa, another nonscholarship school that also bowled over Queens during an impressive East Coast tour.

In Immaculata's three championship years, the star was a 5'11" center, Theresa Shank. Now that she has graduated, the Mighty Macs are led by 5'6" Guard Marianne Crawford, who acquired her skills on the playground and can dribble through her legs and pass behind her back. Her style fits in perfectly with Immaculata's run-and-shoot offense and pressing woman-to-woman defense.

In the Palestra the Mighty Macs were perhaps too anxious to make a good impression. They played stiffly, but still won 65-50 over St. Joe's, coached by one Theresa Grentz, nee Shank. Crawford scored 13 points and had a game-high 11 assists. She also led a harassing defense that forced the turnovers Immaculata needed to run off a game-clinching 18-4 streak at the start of the second half. The next afternoon the Mighty Macs forced Maryland into 41 turnovers and freshman Guard Helen Canuso took advantage of the Terrapins' concentration on Crawford to score 15 first-half points. Once again Immaculata broke open the game at the start of the second half, this time with a 15-5 spurt.

It was a glorious weekend for women's basketball, even though Mizlou stopped its telecast at 3 p.m. Eastern

continued

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OCT '74

time, a few minutes before the end of the contest. The Mighty Macs were particularly happy. They had two wins and a bus with a bathroom for the trip home. They were particularly anxious to get back to Philadelphia, because they were to do a segment of the *Mike Douglas Show* the next day. Told that the taping would last from 10:30 a.m. to about 3 p.m., Rush brightened. "Maybe they'll even buy us lunch," she suggested.

When you're national champions, the sky's the limit.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST In a week distinguished by upsets, the Midwest led the way. Louisville's 12-game win streak was broken by Bradley, which led by nine points with 12:26 left, trailed by four with 4:31 to go and then triumphed with a final surge. Greg Smith scored five quick points, Tom Lee came up with three steals in a row and Bradley pulled away for a 65-59 victory, benefiting from 31 turnovers.

In first place in the Big Eight was lightly regarded Nebraska (3-0) which downed Oklahoma 48-61 and Colorado 85-59. The Cornhuskers prodded the Sooners into 32 errors and got 24 points from quick-as-a-blink Guard Jerry Fort. Conference favorite Kansas was crumpled 96-81 by Iowa State as Hercle (Ponson) Ivy tossed in 36 points. But then the Cyclones were jolted by Missouri 87-85. Also defeated was Oklahoma State, which had started off the league scramble with two successive wins for the first time since 1965. Then State was stopped 71-60 by Kansas.

Arkansas, a perennial underachiever, was tied for the Southwest Conference lead with Texas A&M at 2-0. The Razorbacks beat Texas Tech, the league's top-rated team, 65-62 and then won 73-69 over SMU, which had thrashed defending champion Texas 74-59. The Aggies fried Rice 64-61 and TCU 81-69.

Also upset was Kentucky State, the nation's No. 1 small-college squad, which was toppled by Lincoln (Mo.) 85-83 in overtime.

In the Tulsa-Oklahoma City game, a foul time was had by all. Seventy-one transgressions were noted by the officials, 39 of them against the visiting Tulsans, four of whom fouled out. The Chiefs were even worse off. Their 13-man roster was reduced to five able and eligible bodies after six players had been eliminated by foul, one by the flu and another because of an injury. Hardest of the

Chiefs was 6'2" freshman Guard Jon Manning, who scored 43 points. Tulsa sank 36 free throws in winning the fouled-up affair 106-105 in double overtime.

1. LOUISVILLE (12-1) 2. KANSAS (9-3)

EAST Clemson fans had every right to yell "timber," though not because their oft-maligned 7'1" Wayne (Tree) Rollins had been felled. Tree was peeved by what he felt were derogatory comments by Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell and by a newsman's reference to him as the "Twig" among Atlantic Coast Conference centers. So he went out and scored 24 points and blocked nine shots as Clemson edged the Terps 83-82. Maryland had victimized North Carolina State the week before and had been warned by Driesell that "the hardest thing to face in life is prosperity." How right can a Lefty be? After the Clemson ambush, Maryland lost 69-66 to North Carolina, which went into a four-corner offense with 11:30 to go and held the Terps scoreless for the next nine minutes. The Tar Heels also beat Virginia 85-70 as 6'9" Mitch Kupchuk grabbed 15 rebounds and sunk 12 of 13 shots. Kupchuk gave thanks to Bobby Jones, a Tar Heel last season and a Denver Nugget now, saying, "He showed me that a big man could be versatile." Carolina moved to the top of the ACC with a 4-1 record, ahead of N.C. State (3-1), Maryland (4-2) and Clemson (4-2), which also bopped Virginia 74-64. The Wolfpack won 106-80 over Wake Forest, which beat Duke 122-109.

La Salle kept winning, 89-72 over West Chester and 88-79 over Duquesne.

Penn lost a player, Canisius regained one and both won. Although John Engles, the No. 2 scorer and rebounder for the Quakers, was out for the season after knee surgery, Penn downed St. Joseph's 79-70 and Providence 66-65. Larry Fogle, the nation's top scorer last season, who was suspended several weeks ago, was reinstated with "probationary status" by Canisius and had 19 points in an 81-75 win over Florida State.

Bucknell, 8-16 last season and without a senior starter, won three times to make its record 10-6 and raise its winning streak to nine games, its longest since 1919-20.

1. N.C. STATE (12-0) 2. LA SALLE (10-1)

MIDEAST "I want this place to be a mass hysteria Saturday afternoon," said Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps at a pep rally before the UCLA game. The Irish gave their backers plenty to be hysterical about, cracking the Bruin press and winning 84-78. When rebounding the ball, three Notre Dame players stationed themselves along the baseline, one at the foul line and the fifth at midcourt. Scouting reports correctly tipped off the Irish about

which way the Bruins would break after the initial pass and Notre Dame was able to work the ball downcourt quickly with few turnovers. Adrian Dantley swished 32 points for the Irish. Earlier, in its first home game in more than a month, Notre Dame held off Holy Cross 96-91 to become the ninth college team to win a total of 1,000 games.

In a tense game with Kentucky, Alabama handled the bell tensely, letting it slip through its hands 29 times. Although Alabama's Leon Douglas netted 27 points and pulled down 25 rebounds, Kentucky was forcing errors. Scoring, too, Kevin Grevey getting 20 points and 18 rebounds. The Tide was defeated 74-69. With Grevey getting 26 points and 12 rebounds, the Wildcats executed a series of steals and fast breaks and whopped Florida 87-65. Six-one on the season, Kentucky was tied for the Southeastern Conference lead with Alabama and surprising Auburn. The Tide recovered from its loss at Kentucky by bouncing Georgia 92-68 behind Douglas' 24 points and 18 rebounds. Eddie Johnson's 64 points carried Auburn past Mississippi State 98-69 and LSU 87-78. And Tennessee boosted its SEC record to 5-2 with wins over Vanderbilt (65-61) and Mississippi State (97-37) as Bernard King scored 46 points and Ernie Grunfeld 39.

"We're on an uptick and, if our heads stay in proportion, Cincinnati will have to play very well to beat us," said Marquette Coach Al McGuire, who was pleased with his Warriors' 11-2 record. But the "uptick" was ended 68-58 by the Beavers, who did not even have to play very well: Marquette shot a horrendous 26.7% in this, its fourth home loss in 117 games, spanning seven years.

1. INDIANA (10-0) 2. KENTUCKY (12-2)

WEST It took just one second for Oregon to fall from first place to fifth in the Pacific Eight. Playing away at Corvallis in the only league game of the week, the Ducks had seemingly beaten Oregon State 71-70 in overtime to snap a five-way tie for the lead. With one second left, however, Ricky Lee banked in a 30-footer to down the Ducks 72-71 and move the Beavers on top with a 4-1 record.

Wyoming, loser of 19 straight Western AC games over three seasons, stunned Arizona 65-61. Arizona State, too, was shocked, 91-80 at Colorado State. Both losers then retaliated. Arizona got 47 points from Bob Elliott and Al Fleming to beat Colorado State 85-82. And Arizona State, with Lionel Hollins putting in 15 points in the second half (12 in a row), overcame a 14-point deficit to overhaul Wyoming 79-67.

Independent Utah State pushed its record to 13-4, drubbing Weber State 92-66 and Denver 114-89.

1. UCLA (14-2) 2. ARIZONA STATE (10-3)

A swimmer of dire straits

Having conquered the English Channel and the Catalina crossing in record times, teen-ager Lynne Cox eyes the treacherous Cook Strait

Her first swimming coach said, "Lynne Cox is not fast or stylish. She doesn't kick properly and she's not competitive." He was not being cruel, just realistic. A Dover cabdriver, upon hearing that Lynne Cox planned to swim the English Channel, added another view. "She's too fat," he said. And Lynne offers her own candid analysis. "I don't kick. I do have lazy legs. I just move my feet a little to take away the drag." Yet at the age of 18, Lynne Cox, a California high school senior, is the fastest Channel swimmer in the world. So much for analysis.

In a few days now—these things are always inexact because of tides and weather—Lynne will attempt her toughest swim so far, the 16-mile Cook Strait between New Zealand's North and South islands. In the long history of point-to-point swimming only three men have made it across that channel, where currents are fierce and sharks abound. The odds against success are long. Why even attempt it? To understand what drives Lynne to such watery excesses, one must go back a bit.

The Cox family moved West from New Hampshire five years ago so the kids could swim year round. And they all do. Lynne's sisters Ruth, 12, and Laura, 15, swim competitively and play water polo. (Laura is the only girl on the Los Alamitos High School water polo team.) Brother Dave, 20, attends Brigham Young University on a swimming scholarship.

Lynne also has done some competitive swimming in regulation pools, but she doesn't like the confinement and routine, the lanes and pool edges, swimming those same 50 meters

back and forth. And she doesn't like the absence of nature—no weeds slipping through her fingers, no jellyfish to dodge, no pelicans with whom to develop rapport. Not to mention the absence of success. "I get tired of 10- and 11-year-old kids passing me," she says.

So in July 1972 she swam the English Channel in nine hours, 57 minutes—26 minutes faster than any man or woman before. Her record lasted just three weeks. Davis Hart, another American, beat it by 13 minutes. Naturally Lynne went back the next summer, slipped into the water at Shikopope Beach and made the crossing in a new world-record time of 9:36. That one still stands.

Last September Lynne swam the 21 miles between Pulos Verdes and Catalina

Island in eight hours, 48 minutes, another record. The one she broke was held by her brother.

Distance swimmers most often perform at night, when the sea tends to be calm and the wind low. Calm and low they were on Sept. 10, when Lynne took her turn. She had made the crossing once before, when she was 14. That was her first swim over three miles, and she had done it with five friends. This time Lynne had two world-record English Channel swims behind her. And this time, too, she would be going after Dave's record.

Lynne waded into calm water off Catalina at 11:21 p.m. and began to swim. She had never seen a night so black. Thick fog covered the channel and made it spooky. The "red tide" a seasonal population explosion among billions of one-celled plantlike animals—phosphoresced. In the distance, the light of the *Banado*, Lynne's 55-foot escort boat, probed faintly through the fog. The murk was intimidating, too intimidating. From the water Lynne yelled that she wanted to talk to her parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert Cox left the *Banado* in a small boat and started toward Lynne, who was some 500 yards away.

Immediately they became lost in the fog. They began to circle, and two hours and six minutes after Lynne had begun swimming they found her, sobbing, done in.

The generally disorienting effects of the foggy night could be blamed for the failure, as could overtraining, the pressure of publicity and the lack of someone alongside talking to Lynne and keeping her swimming. But Lynne says, "I think it was just a lack of confidence in myself at the time." Her father agrees. "Attitude is 75% of distance swimming," he says. "She just didn't have things straight in her mind."

"I felt like I fell on my face," adds Lynne. "But my family and friends were there to pick me up."

Her parents kept quiet about swimming for a few days so Lynne could think things through for herself. She decided to try it again, and asked them



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to set it up—but not to tell her until the day of the swim.

Lynne spent her mornings in classes and her afternoons at Long Beach, swimming eight to 10 miles back and forth from the jetty to the pier. Her parents and her friend Laura Rothwell took turns walking the beach, keeping pace. Mark LeGault, a Long Beach lifeguard, spent several days beside her on his paddleboard, matching his stroke with hers.

"We fixed things so a basic crew would be right beside her all the time," Dr. Cox said. LeGault and Sandy Davidson, another lifeguard, and Dick Yeo, who clocks most of the Catalina swims, would take turns flanking Lynne on their paddleboards. Mrs. Cox would be in a skiff with Lynne's friend and adviser John Sonnichsen. Beside Pittman, a pilot for several previous competitors, would handle the skiff. The *Bowditch* would lead the way again.

The swim was set for Sunday night, Sept. 23, but Lynne was not told until noon. This time she would swim from the mainland to the island. Dick Yeo fired his starter's pistol at 10:35 p.m. near the Mainland Pier.

Lynne swam a fast five miles to get beyond the push of the incoming tide. "It was such a neat night," she recalled. "The stars were out and I could even see falling stars. The moon was up, and as it went down it turned orange. The water was phosphorescent."

Around midnight she began to feel the doubts returning, those "negative thoughts" that had let her panic in the fog two weeks before. "What am I doing here?" is a question that comes easily to someone swimming through the 55° Pacific at midnight. It is not a question distance swimmers like to hear themselves asking. One tries to forget the things people say: "God, you're swimming all that way. Isn't it cold? ... Aren't you afraid of sharks?"

But Lynne could not forget; the questions slipped back to mind between the lines of the songs she sang silently as a distraction from the monotony of the journey.

She wondered, "Why am I doing this? Is all this really for me? Or is it for Mom and Dad, or my sister who postponed her birthday party so everyone could swim with me, or all the people who have been good to me, or to satisfy the expectations of people I don't even know?"

After it was over, she reflected, "At

one point I stopped swimming and said I wanted out. But if I had really wanted out, I would have touched the skiff or the paddleboard and disqualified myself. Familiar voices reminded me that I was not alone—and I put my head back down and stroked.

"I began to look for excuses to stop again. Mr. Sonnichsen wondered aloud if I was lifting my head. Ah, there was a great excuse to stop and talk a while. 'Let's go, Lynne,' he said. But I was not about to.

"I was trying to convince myself I didn't feel good, but my body was too strong. It refused to give in to the boredom. It would not be hypnotized by the rhythm of the swim. I had trained it so well it just wouldn't be held back."

Near Ship's Rock, seven miles from Catalina, white bellies suddenly flashed in the water around her. "They came so fast," she says. "They swam right underneath us. They looked white because of the phosphorescence of the water. I thought, 'Oh, well . . . sharks. Maybe they'll go after Mark. He looks like a seal, paddling along in his wet suit.'"

Lynne didn't find out until the swim was over that the white bellies had belonged to porpoises.

As the sun came up Lynne was told she had an hour in which to beat Dave's record. She put her head down and picked up her stroke to 80 beats a minute. Half a grin showed from the water each time she took a breath. The island lay just ahead.

A tight hold on his camera, Dr. Cox climbed down the side of the *Bowditch* and boarded the skiff. Dick Yeo got in the water with his paddleboard to join Lynne and paddler Sandy Davidson for the sprint. "Close to shore is when it really gets exciting," Dick says. "That's when the goose bumps get going up and down my spine."

Striking slightly faster than a normal heartbeat, Lynne reached the rock cliffs of Catalina just two minutes quicker than her brother had made his opposite-direction record crossing.

World-class distance swimming requires heart and will, it also requires a lot of money. Lynne's two English Channel swims, for example, cost her parents \$6,000. Besides travel expense and weeks in a hotel waiting for decent weather, the total included \$250 for the pilot of the escort boat, \$25 for the Channel Swim-

ming Association observer, \$14 for association dues—and \$40 for an engraved plaque duplicating the association's official form which says "World Record." It is not all outgo, however. Each year the association awards a watch to the swimmer with the fastest time.

Along with the problems of getting to the swim is the problem of what to expect of the tides, currents and sea life when you get there. Lynne had planned to try the Bosphorus, but after hearing that a swimmer had almost been killed there by an electric eel in 1974, she decided against it. Since no international distance-swimming organization exists to provide information, it is up to individual swimmers to do the research themselves. Lynne has been corresponding with universities, oceanographic institutes and other swimmers about the Cook Strait and other swims, and has received a lot of help. It is generally agreed that the Cook Strait tides are strong, the currents treacherous and the sharks aggressive. Information more specific than that Lynne and John Sonnichsen may have to discover in the water. And Sonnichsen, a trainer on the professional marathon swimming circuits of the 1950s, has developed impromptu methods of measuring currents. Once, planning a swim in the Hawaiian Islands, he dropped painted coconuts from an airplane to see which way they floated.

If Lynne hadn't started swimming, she probably would have excelled at something else. One place this can be seen is at Los Alamitos High. Assistant Principal Wallace Coon calls her an "over-achiever." History teacher Walter Hauenstein says, "Lynne likes to achieve and understand. I tease her about swimming the Channel with a list of dates to be memorized taped to her arm. It's the kind of thing she would do."

Still, Lynne isn't especially well known among the students. Kids who aren't classmates of hers might ask, "Isn't she the one that swam the English Channel?" Part of this low profile can be traced to Lynne's shyness, part to the relative obscurity of her sport.

"I do a lot of other things besides swim," Lynne is quick to say. "School is just as important, if not more. I don't regard myself as a world champion, but as a normal person who has achieved goals I set for myself. My friend Laura Rothwell practices the piano four to six hours a day. I happen to swim." **END**

Love
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Dear World,
Because you love us more than
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to ask you to be our Valentine.



RIESSEN'S 16 years of big-time tennis were too much for the rookie Gerulaitis (below).



Sprouting of an old seed

Long dormant, Marty Riessen found his way to the finals of the U.S. Indoor Championship, where he defeated a flashy young star-to-be

Tennis, the once softly rounded game of love and deuce and green lawns, has marched into the metallic computer age. The Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) merely feeds in the raw data on, say, Corrado Barazzutti—the tension of his racket gut multiplied by the length of his right sneaker, his finish in the Timbuktu Classic, the velocity of his forehand, his mother's secret recipe for linguine with clam sauce—and, whiz, whir, click, out pops his proper place in the worldwide rankings. Tournaments then use these results to make their seedings. Arthur Ashe, to pick out a player placed somewhat higher than Barazzutti, is such a believer that he is willing to bet anyone \$500 at the beginning of a tournament that one of the seeds will win.

"The ATP ratings do not lie," he says. "I'm not saying they're the Bible, but they're up there."

But last week at the U.S. Pro Indoor Championship in Philadelphia's Spectrum, if the computer didn't lie, it did fib a little. Top-seeded Bjorn Borg was folded, spindled and mutilated almost before he could get warmed up. No. 2 Rod Laver managed to lose his first match. Stan Smith, No. 6 seed, and Tom Okker, No. 4, were both indecately dumped in the third round. No. 3 Guillermo Vilas suffered from Argentina nursing his dyspepsia. One seed was beaten in the first round, two in the second, seven in the third and two in the fourth.

But if Ashe had bet, he would have won. No. 7 Marty Riessen, the only seed to make it out of the quarterfinals, went on to beat 20-year-old Vitas Gerulaitis in the Sunday final 7-6, 5-7, 6-2, 6-7, 6-3 and earn not only \$15,000 but the most important title of his 16 years in big-time tennis.

As the kickoff for Lamar Hunt's 1975 World Championship Tennis tour, it was suitable that the U.S. Indoor was scrambled and full of interesting upsets because that is just how the whole tour figures to be. By the time the circuit ends in May with the singles final in Dallas, the ten-

nis nomads will have traveled 73,064 miles and earned more than \$2 million in prize money.

Ashe himself took part in the most interesting upset of the week. In the quarters he met unseeded Jaime Fillol of Chile and did not seem too perturbed when he lost the first set in a tie breaker, 7-6. He breezed in the second set, 6-2. Four times in the third he had match point on Fillol—one point separating him from victory. Each time Fillol managed to wiggle off the hook. When the score reached 6-6, they played the WCT sudden-death tie breaker, in which the first player to reach seven points wins. Ashe took a 6-3 lead and thus had the splendid luxury of needing to win only one of the four possible match points. Fillol served twice and won to host himself to 5-6. It was Ashe's turn to serve, a distinct advantage. But he hit a low volley out of bounds, making it 6-6 and match point either way. He served again, raced up to hit a relatively easy forehand volley—and put it into the net.

Fillol had stared eight match points in the face and had not broken Ashe's serve even once in three sets, yet he had won. Ashe was like a boxer solidly outpointing his opponent for 14 rounds, then being knocked cuckoo in the 15th.

"I thought I had it won in the third set," said Ashe. "I thought I had it won a long time ago. I outplayed him in every department and still lost. That's why I probably won't sleep tonight."

"I never thought of losing the point," said Fillol. "If he was going to win it, good, but I wasn't going to lose it. That's what I was thinking."

Fillol's fun ended the next day when Riessen cooled the Chilean in straight sets, just as he had defeated Tony Roche, Syd Ball, Dick Dell and Anand Amritraj.

Fillol was the dark horse of the bottom half of the draw, but the top half had the most entertaining newcomer, Gerulaitis, who was likened to a disease by one Philadelphia newspaper (VITAS

continued

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TENNIS *continued*

GERULAITIS FATAL TO OKKER). In another paper his name was spelled three different ways—all wrong. The name is Lithuanian. Vitas is a shortened version of Vytautas, the name of a hero-king in the 15th century. Gerulaitis speaks fluent Lithuanian but grew up in the New York boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, where he learned to play on public courts.

At one time he was noted almost as much as a wise guy as a tennis player ("I used to go overboard. Every point was a big joke"), but two Aussies, Ken Rosewall and Harry Hopman, have calmed him down a bit. He first met Rosewall five years ago when, as one of the best high school players in New York City, he was invited to help warm up the old pro for a tournament. After a while, Gerulaitis could not resist bashing a shot past Rosewall. A few exchanges later Rosewall hit a ball that knocked the racket out of Gerulaitis' hand.

Last year after dropping out of Columbia College, where he had an academic scholarship, Gerulaitis played team tennis for Pittsburgh and was coached by Rosewall, with whom he practiced two or three hours a day. "I've been sort of copying Ken a little bit," he said after one match, "the way he trains and does everything in moderation."

Hopman, the legendary martinet of Australian tennis, now runs an academy in Port Washington, N.Y., where Gerulaitis often works out, and Hopman, too, has taken the kid under his wing. After Gerulaitis beat Okker in the third round, Hopman phoned him and told him not to get excited and to keep concentrating.

Apparently he did, despite a sore neck one day and a touch of virus the next. In succession last week he beat Sweden's Ove Bengtson, Okker, Raul Ramirez, Paul Gerken and an ex-Hopman pupil from Australia, John Alexander.

Gerulaitis is a quick, lanky blond who wears his hair long and closely resembles the young Swedish star Bjorn Borg. People often mistake him for Borg, but it soon may be the other way around if he continues to play as he did against Riesen, 13 years his senior, in the entertaining final.

"He's exciting," said Riesen. "He's good-looking, there's something flashy about him. I think he's going to be a superstar. It takes more than good tennis to be a superstar, and Vitas has those qualities."

END

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So Much Depends Upon a Red Tent



*And so much would ride on this venture,
on this testing of a woman setting out
alone across the land on a big bike*

by Grace Butcher

The best part? There were a lot of best parts. Depends on my mood when I look back on the trip. But the *very* best part was being alone. I don't quite understand that about myself—this lifelong love of being alone. I suppose being an only child is a big part of it. I just grew up doing things alone. Feels natural now, as if that's how it's supposed to be. And besides, I get along with myself better than with anybody else I know.

Joyously riding alone, never having to ask someone, "Shall we stop here? Do you want to turn off up there? Are you ready to go now? Should we camp here?"—that was the best part of all.

And the riding? That's all I had to do, day after glorious day, my white BMW R60, 6 under me humming quietly through the blue and green and golden world. The bike was new. I'd had it only long enough to put 1,200 miles on it and have it checked over before I took off. It was my sec-

ond bike (my third, really, if you count the 125 Suzuki Challenger that I'd started racing several months before). But my second street bike.

I'd had my first lesson on a full-dress BMW R75 '5 and had fallen in love with it. "When I get good enough," I said, "I'm going to have a BMW." In about a year, I figured. And I rode my little Suzuki GT 250 thousands of miles through the northeastern Ohio winter while people kept asking, "Gee, isn't it a little cold to be out on that thing?" I had to ride. I had to get good enough.

Gradually I got better. I had to get better than I was that first day in the last week of October '73. That was when I went out to the garage alone the first time to start up my first bike and ride it after an hour or so of lessons the day before in first and second gear, stopping, starting and turning (or rather, lurching, stalling and wobbling).



After 20 minutes of fumbling with switches, frantic and clumsy locking, a call to the dealer to find out why it stalled every time I tried to put it in first gear ("Rev it up a bit," his wife said, "It's new; everything's tight"), drenched with sweat I got the bike out of the garage. Only stalled it three or four times (between the garage and the end of the driveway, that is). From there I managed to avoid going in the ditch on the far side of the road as I swung out with what I hoped would be flair and what ended up as a gigantic, lopsided wobble. I made a mental note to write the highway commissioner about widening the county roads. My self-image was in jeopardy.

But I rode over a hundred miles that day. And the next day. And the next. A week later, shivering violently in pouring rain and 45° temperatures, I took my riding test, passed and sang at the top of my voice all the 15 miles back home.

Carefully, intensely, I piled up the mileage. Carefully one day I rode far out into the country and on a deserted road red-lined it through the gears to learn what the bike could do. Carefully I puttered through shopping centers, got groceries, did errands, rode to class. Carefully I rode fast on the freeways and slowly in traffic, with interest over rain grooves and with fear over the open steel grillwork of bridges. I rode thousands of miles alone and once in a while with a friend. Carefully that following summer I learned to race motocross and won a couple of trophies in powder-puff events. Gradually I was starting to feel good enough.

And then one day I walked into the cycle shop and there stood a brand-new white BMW. I'd never seen a white one. And I said to myself (and to anyone else who would listen), "O.K., Grace. I think you're ready for a BMW."

Two weeks later I took off on a 2,500-mile camping trip through New England and Canada. And the best thing of all was being alone with my bike the whole time. It just seemed as if that was how it was supposed to be.

I had camped once but I'd just stood and watched while a friend put up the tent, made the fire, cooked the meal and packed up afterward. So before I left I put up a red nylon tent in the orchard and practiced sleeping in it so it would seem like home on the road. Oh, I was far from the house—at least 50 yards. The rustlings in the bushes at night! Apples thunderously falling to the ground in the dark! Leaves crashing onto the tent and sliding and scratching down the sides! Good thing I practiced. Zipping myself into the tent and then into the sleeping bag produced claustrophobia of alarming proportions.

But within a few days I was sleeping well. Once, when I was told it had rained the night before, I was incredulous. Hadn't heard a thing. And so, another best part of the trip was going to sleep once all the camp chores were done, feeling the earth under me. I used no mattress, just let my body melt down around any unevenness of ground under the tent. I'm Capricorn, an earth sign. If that means anything, maybe that's why sleeping on the ground felt so good. I felt as if the whole planet was under me, holding me. A secure feeling. And outside, the bike would be parked and

chained as close to the tent as I could get it. It looked massive and comforting, while in the moonlight, wet with dew, chrome gleaming quietly.

Everything I needed was in one compact roll and two small saddlebags loaded up the night before I left. That morning when I came bounding out of the house in new leathers, feeling rather self-conscious, I got down to reality quickly enough when my first tug didn't even budge the loaded bike off its center stand. "Oh Lord," I said out loud, with a weak grin in case *Camilo Camero* was watching.

But the second or third tug got the bike down, and I was ready to leave. Even as I coasted backward down the slight slope of the driveway into the turnaround spot, though, I realized that this bike, which was still unfamiliar and a hundred pounds heavier than my other one, would handle differently with the load it now carried.

As I rode through the town of Chardon on the way to the freeway I began to feel like a worldly biker—full leathers, a big bike and all my worldly goods (more or less) tied on behind. And when I reached Route 90 and swooped (yes, with flair even!) down the ramp, checking out traffic, sun and blue sky in one glance, I said (out loud to myself, of course), "Well, here I go!" Not an especially original line, but the situation was original enough to make up for it. I, who had never even put up a tent in all my 40 years till two weeks before—I, who had never gone on a long motorcycle trip—I, who hadn't even been riding a year—I was leaving on a 2,500-mile camping trip on my incredibly fine bike, alone. I sang Moody Blues' songs and was amazingly happy.

Lake fragmented, colored pieces in a kaleidoscope, images of each day's ride turned, changed, fell through my mind as I sat those nights writing in my journal by the light of a candle lantern. I loved that piece of equipment. A candle burns with a most peaceful flame.

All the trip long, people in cars waved and smiled. Mostly kids and, strangely enough, old ladies. I wondered about that and finally decided that the gray-haired gadabouts had reached a point in their lives when they realized most strongly that what life is for, if it is for anything, is to find out what you do well, and then do it, for heaven's sake, before it's too late. One group of ladies passed me, giving me a real life with their big smiles and their waves. And coincidentally, we happened to stop at the same restaurant farther down the road. As I was taking off my gloves and helmet and brushing out my wind-tangled hair, one came bustling over to where I still sat on the bike. "I just wanted to tell you that we think you're just the bravest thing!" she beamed. "I said to the girls, 'My, just think how the wind must be blowing in her face!' And here you are out here all by yourself. We think that's just wonderful!"

I smiled, modestly accepting the Wonder Woman image, and made a long acceptance speech extolling the joys of being female and being alone, riding a motorcycle. I found myself giving the same speech many times during the following weeks, and I never tired of it.

continued

And so it went. I'd wondered, frankly, if I'd get hassled along the way. Hell's Angels? Rape? But people were only friendly, curious, helpful, courteous, interested. The bike was such a conversation piece that I'd get into discussions at traffic lights about the virtues of a shaft-driven engine (very virtuous!), at stop signs about what those things were sticking out on the sides ("Those are the cylinders, sir"); about how ghostly quiet the bike was ("Hey, is that thing running?"), and why couldn't all motorcycles be that quiet.

Mostly I'd ride along not too fast, just murmuring "Oh!" and "Gee!" as I'd top another hill and be wonderstruck by the next panoramic view. Is there any more striking combination of trees than clusters of white birch, stark and chalky against dense pine forests? One day, camping by a mountain lake in Maine, I found several pieces of birch bark and wrote letters. I'd always wanted to write a letter on a piece of birch bark. I felt like the Indian I used to pretend I was when I was seven.

Beauty everywhere. Even asbestos mines in Quebec were amazingly beautiful. They looked almost like natural gray canyons, and the piled-up asbestos like white mountains. Posing themselves against the backdrop of one of these "mountains" were four boxcars—two brown, one red and one green—and before them a sweep of green and golden meadow. I just sat and looked. The beauty of the mining area was astonishing.

Sometimes I'd feel so full of the scenery that I'd stop looking at it for a while and just get into the rhythm of the road. Hills and curves, curves, curves. No, I wasn't scraping the foot pegs or the valve covers. But even now I remember the rhythm of those curves as I'd climb and plunge and letter-S through mile after mile, enclosed on both sides by deep pine forests of unforgettable scent.

Truly, I felt as if I had ridden into the pages of every motorcycle magazine I'd ever read. I could see myself—wine-red leathers, immaculate white bike, blue pack—against the pines, the startling silver-blue of lakes, red and brown and gray rock walls, the curves of flower-strewn meadows—moving through all the colors and textures.

What would I do with this trip, I wondered. How would I use it? What would

it eventually mean to me? I pondered sometimes as I rode, or as I sat writing by candlelight, or as I washed my face with dew in the early mornings. How would I be different after I got home?

"But weren't you afraid?" People always asked that later.

No. Except once. Once in Quebec the road went off in two different directions. My way, or so I thought, went across a bridge. And the bridge was that biker's nightmare: an open metal grillwork, slippery as ice, that sends the front wheel of a bike off in every direction. There's nothing to do but do nothing—to sit there, muscles frozen into an attitude of relaxation, hands holding the handlebars with a gentleness born of terror, for you must let the bike find its own way across.

Finally on the other side, I began to glory once more in the countryside, the road curving along a river lined with birches. But I started to notice that either the sun was going in the wrong direction or I was. After about 10 miles I stopped and checked my map. I had to go back over that damn bridge.

Quebec. How could I have forgotten that it is French-speaking? As I crossed the border I felt a combination of dismay, amusement and eagerness. I'd always thought I was pretty good in high school and college French. Now we'd see.

It was O.K. Vocabulary came rushing back. At one point, after I'd set up camp and walked away for a bit, I returned to find half a dozen adults around my bike. And I could talk to them with eagerness and enthusiasm (though probably sounding like a 6-year-old about the mechanical wonders of the bike. "*Il n'y a pas de chaîne*," I could say, gesturing at the chainless rear wheel and pointing out the enclosed drive shaft. I could answer questions about mileage, comfort, my route, my own brave self. "*Séule? Vous êtes seuls? Vous êtes si braves*." I liked to hear it in any language.

Once I chose a cabin instead of my tent. It was tiny, on the shore of the mighty St. Lawrence, 20 miles wide at that point and masquerading as the ocean, with tides and sea gulls and a fine driftwood tree washed up on the beach to lean against. I built a fireplace of stones, cooked, ate, then sat with a cup of my special mix of hot chocolate and coffee, watching the sun set and the tide come in.

I had been sitting in the dark, on the

red-brown sand, my back against the water-washed smoothness of the tree trunk. But gradually I slumped farther and farther down till just my head was against the tree and my body relaxed in the sand. My fire was only embers, an orange crescent of moon had brightened with the approach of darkness, the tide had come to within a few yards of my feet. I lay there for a long time, scarcely moving. I could not have been more content.

There were times when I could escape my own observation. So often, perhaps because of my obsession with writing, I found myself mentally recording something I was in the process of doing as if I'd already done it, picturing myself telling someone about it in the future. It was hard sometimes not to feel as if I were constantly posing for some invisible photographer. It was hard to get away from watching myself at some beautiful spot, and simply be there.

But here, or on the night shore of a mountain lake listening to the loons, or wrapped in the sensuous golden day that seemed to pour itself down over the Vermont hills as I curved and flowed along the black and gray roads—here, on this trip was a kind of spontaneity that I'd never experienced. And my contentment had no particular structure other than knowing that I'd camp somewhere late in the afternoon and leave again sometime in the morning. No structure. No telephone ringing. No papers to grade. Nothing to do but tend to my bike and to myself. Nothing to do day after shining blue day but ride. Except for a few calls home to my teen-age son, no one knew where I was. And for once, I didn't care that no one knew where to find me or when I'd be back.

I'd look down at the great silver sunbursts of my cylinders, feel the power waiting quietly under my right hand. Everything I could possibly need was in my blue pack, my black saddlebags. I could feel the sun through the leathers, smell the scent of pine for days.

My old aunt and uncle in their farmhouse on 150 acres in the Adirondacks. Hadn't seen them for years. Eighty-five years old he is, and his big-game-hunting license was on the dresser in the room where I slept. My aunt cooked for me and reminded about my parents and made me feel loved. I rode away feeling I'd found part of my family again.

"Hi! Nice bike," said the guy at the stoplight somewhere in New Hampshire. "You should take those metal covers off your plugs because they'll short out in a rainstorm. Mine did when I took a trip back in '72."

"What part of Ohio you from? I'm from Cincinnati," said the boy wearing the cross-country T shirt in the restaurant parking lot somewhere in western New York. So we talked about cross-country running and cross-country riding and how neat they both were.

"By cracky," said the white-haired, pleasant gentleman in the tiny post office in Somewhere, Maine (people do say "by cracky" in New England, by cracky). "I got me this son of a gun of a crick in my back yesterday morning—don't your back bother you on that machine?"

The people. That was another best part. One old couple outside an old inn, standing, looking at my bike. I spoke to them as I was leaving, and they offered to tear some pages out of their where-to-camp book for me. ("I have my own, thanks, but I sure do appreciate. . .")

And the gas-station attendant in Quebec who answered my questions about the white "mountains" and sent his son inside to get me a piece of asbestos—shiny black rock with what looks like cotton fibers sticking out of it—so I could show it to my friends back home.

And the two little boys, whose grandparents ran the campgrounds, showing me the best, prettiest, most isolated spot by a stream to pitch my tent, and who ran along with me a mile or so as I jogged for a while that evening.

And the three adults who'd seen my bike in a restaurant parking lot and came in, looking for someone with a helmet who must belong to the bike so they could ask questions about how I liked it. "It's not your husband's? It's not your boyfriend's? It's yours?"

How nicely tired I was each night after eight hours or so on the road. How early I went to bed, and how early I woke and with what eagerness! Moving carefully inside my red tent in the morning, drops of condensation clinging like rubies to the sides, gleaming in the morning light. Fold up the tent wet—it'd dry in my pack from the heat of the sun on that day's ride. I was glad the tent was red. Every morning started with a glow.

I washed and polished the bike when it needed it or when I felt the urge. Very

continued

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Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74

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LUCKY TEN, 10 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74.

something to rub and polish the long-darling pipes, the plain clean lines of the tank and fenders. Changed plugs once. Changed the oil once. Had the steering-head bearings tightened once. Put air in the tires once or twice. The hike gave a lot and asked little.

I always had some what-ifs on my mind. What if the hike breaks down? New hikes don't break down. What if there are no gas stations? There are always gas stations. What if a runaway logging truck comes careening around a curve on the wrong side of the road up there in the middle of nowhere?

My long hair is always in pigtail when I ride, and sometimes they blow in my face because my windshield changes the airflow. I like motorists to know I am female, so I don't tuck my hair under my helmet. And as a result, I've never yet experienced any of the hostility that male bikers so often report. But one day I thought, "The heck with it. I'll just tie my hair back. It'll be out of the way." And shortly after that I stopped in a gas station to ask directions. Walked in without taking off my helmet or goggles as I nearly always do. And the station attendant said pleasantly enough, "Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" Back came the pigtail and my identity.

Some guy on a very noisy hike appeared alongside once and nodded and smiled as if he thought he'd found a traveling companion. I was annoyed. The noise of his engine compared to mine soon gave me a headache. And the last thing I wanted on my trip was company. Doing it alone was the whole point. Finally we rode at under the golden arches of that famous and ubiquitous restaurant, our first chance to talk since he'd joined me. "Hope you don't mind my boogieing along with you," he said. "Well," I answered, "as a matter of fact . . ." And I just told him in a friendly way how it was with me. "Oh, O.K. That's cool," he said and went boogieing on his way. No problem.

As one man put it somewhere where I stopped for gas, "To see a woman like you on a bike like that . . . well, you have all my respect. I can't imagine any guy would ever hassle you." And none ever did. I'm 5'6", 115 pounds. It wasn't my size that kept anyone from bothering me. It was something else. It was just what I was doing, I guess.

Busy. I sometimes felt very busy on my

trip, once I'd stopped for the day. Unloading the bike, setting up camp, making a fire if I chose to, cooking, eating, cleaning up, arranging stuff in the tent, writing after all was taken care of—there seemed to be a great deal to do, and darkness seemed to come quickly. I was seldom awake after 10 p.m., seldom slept past five or six.

Making a fire that would burn right gave me great pleasure. I had to scrounge wood, and then stones with which to confine it. I had to be patient and not try to cook over the first high flames.

Once, I cooked a mixture of hamburger, hot dog, olives, cucumbers, egg and a can of pea soup, because that's what I had. It was delicious.

Once, by a river I found a thin flat stone to turn the fried eggs since I had no spatula. And I scoured the utensils with sand and dirt. It all made sense.

One thing I did not care for was threatening weather, riding with frequent glances up and around, checking the ominous clouds, always wondering if I should stop or keep going. But the weather was, on the whole, quite fine. I was rained in only one day, and that happened to be the time along the St. Lawrence that I had chosen the cabin instead of my tent.

I was quite happy at being rained in. The previous day's ride had covered only about 100 miles, all against a huge, hot wind, and I was glad for a cool rainy day. I'd ridden in a little rain to the nearby town and brought back enough food for six people. I lay on the bed, which neatly filled the one-room cabin, gazed out at the great river, whose endless sound filled my head, quieting me.

Gray sky, gray water,

Creating no horizon.

Where does the world end?

I remembered a haiku I'd written years back. Seriously, I ate, dozed, ate, wrote postcards, dozed, ate, wrote and finally slept. Everyone needs such days.

Sometimes I was disappointed to see what tourists call "camping." Camping at some sites I saw would have been like living in apartments, only outside. Numbered cubbyholes with bushes instead of walls. TV. Radio. Women walking around in bathrobes with their hair in rollers. Electric razors. I didn't stop at those places.

One beautiful warm, clear morning I

just got up, put on shorts and a T shirt and walked into the surprisingly warm water of a mountain lake in Quebec. It was just sunrise; no one was around. Briefly the thought entered my mind, "Should I go swimming here alone?" I answered myself, "Yes, do it. For once, be different. Forget about the shoulders and shouldn'ts for a while." I felt exhilarated and peaceful at the same time. I wish there were more lakes at sunrise in life.

When I came back across the border, feeling tense and excited at the crossing as if I were a spy, the friendly customs man talked hikes to me a bit as if to distract me, then sprang the question, "What did you bring back with you that you didn't have when you came over?" I thought hard, desperately wanting to be honest. "Uh, two apples, two peaches, a can of chicken and a piece of asbestos." (Oh, Lord, I was transporting *asbestos* across the border!) He laughed. "Well, you didn't do much for the Canadian economy," he said and motioned me on.

Wow! I was back in the States! I could speak English again. Vermont. I love you. I was surprised at how good that simple crossing felt. The lush small farms fit just right in the valleys of Vermont. It looked different immediately. It was the United States.

It was a fine thing, all told, to be riding all day, every day, to be alone and silent, quietly burning a decent fire and cooking a simple meal, to sit with my back against a white birch looking out over water with a cup of coffee in my hand as the sun went down, to be gently tired from the road and comfortable on the ground under a red roof.

The big white hike was always patiently nearby, forgiving of some of my early clumsiness, always starting at a touch, quietly humming over the hills and pattering through the towns, making friends wherever we went. I would look at it last thing at night before closing my tent and first thing in the morning. This trip was only the beginning. As William Carlos Williams might have put it,

*So much depends upon
a red tent
glazed with dew
beside the white
motor cycle.*



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

PORTRAIT OF BILL

Sir:

Frank Deford's story of Big Bill Tilden (*Hero with a Tragic Flaw*, Jan. 13 and 20) is one of the most affecting, poignant, splendid pieces of writing and reporting I have seen. Please convey my congratulations to him for his accomplishment. Please accept my congratulations for printing it.

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Boston

Sir:

In my opinion Frank Deford's story was the finest piece of writing ever to appear in the pages of *SI*, a magazine with a long history of well-written articles. Deford presented to me an athlete about whom I knew very little, and brought him to life. It is hard to believe that he never knew Big Bill personally, so sensitive was his approach to the man. At the end of his article Deford states that Bill Tilden's gravestone "is the only monument of any kind anywhere in the world . . . that pays tribute to the greatest tennis player who ever lived." Wrong. *Hero with a Tragic Flaw* serves as a far greater and more meaningful monument to the man's lifetime than a gravestone ever could.

CHRISTOPHER MAYER

South Ryegate, Vt.

Sir:

If anything, these two articles, besides telling of Tilden's tragic flaw, show an even greater flaw in man: his callousness and insincerity toward his fellow man when one falls on hard times or is going through a crisis.

RONALD J. ROGACKI

Lackawanna, N.Y.

Sir:

In my 33 years I have never before written a letter to an editor, and probably never will again. However, I can't resist thanking Frank Deford for his moving articles on Bill Tilden. It strikes me that Big Bill experienced "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" in his effort to discover what it means to be alive. Thanks, Frank, for giving Big Bill a fair shake.

BILL MCGOWAN

Jacksonville

Sir:

As Bill Tilden's great-nephew, I was most interested in your articles on him. Unfortunately, I only met Uncle Bill once, and have no memory of the experience. But I'll always

regret that I never had the chance to know him as a person. Your articles confirmed my belief that he was a fascinating individual. Tilden may have been childlike, but he was never small. His triumphs, mistakes and shortcomings were all larger than life.

Lord knows, Tilden had unique family and personal problems that plagued him his entire life. However, he faced a more general problem, one that every dedicated athlete must face during his lifetime. Anyone who spends his formative years developing a purely physical talent to the exclusion of all others must realize that at an early age his ability will deteriorate for the greater portion of his adult life. The deterioration of one's major talent, the talent by which one defines one's self, prior to middle age, must require a tremendous psychological adjustment. As Deford implies, Tilden's homosexuality and personal problems increasingly manifested themselves as his physical talents declined. Uncle Bill's failure to adjust to his physical deterioration created pressures that he could only release through socially unacceptable activities.

Perhaps Uncle Bill's greatest tragedy was that he possessed talents which, if cultivated, might have sustained him throughout his life. As Deford correctly indicates, Tilden was an abominable novelist. However, he was an intelligent and analytical writer who wrote several books on tennis, *Match Play* and *The Spin of the Ball* for one, that are still considered classics. People have told me that Tilden clarified the game for them as no one else ever had. But Uncle Bill's concentration on tennis, which consumed all his time and energy, forced him to neglect this talent which, as a result, remained essentially dormant. Had he found time to develop his journalistic abilities, he might have discovered a release for his growing frustrations. Tilden's singleminded pursuit of excellence in one field forced him to waste his other talents. This is the Catch-22 situation every dedicated athlete faces.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN IV

Tucson

SUPER STEELERS

Sir:

Thumbs up to Dan Jenkins for his article on the Super Bowl (*Pittsburgh Patches It Out*, Jan. 20). He captured all the excitement and color of New Orleans and the superb Pittsburgh defense. It's a shame Minnesota Coach Bud Grant could not accept another defeat, and admit Super Bowl IX was a game well executed by two fine teams. Art Roo-

ney, Chuck Noll, the Steelers and all Pittsburgh fans can be proud of a great season and a richly deserved NFL title.

DIANO M. BRANAGAN

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Dan Jenkins told it the way it was, with the Steel Curtain rampaging through the line and pressuring Fran Tarkenton into throwing some passes that were intercepted and others that didn't make it past L. C. Greenwood. The Vikings' third Super Bowl loss only confirms that there's no stopping Franco's Army once it gets rolling.

GARRY HARRINGTON

Bellows Falls, Vt.

Sir:

It is all too obvious now, so Viking fans can stop making excuses. Minnesota just can't win the big one. It's as simple as that.

S. E. KILDAH JR.

Muningsville

Sir:

I think photos make the magazine, and your Super Bowl issue contained the best collection of football photographs I have ever seen.

GREG HALLER

La Habra, Calif.

COVER SUBJECTS

Sir:

In front of me is a stack of *SI* issues that has accumulated since the school year began. I am the world's No. 1 debunker of superstition and I am writing to comment on that awful "cover jinx" of yours.

Consider what you did to Archie Griffin (Sept. 9). Poor guy, he only got the Heisman Trophy. Or take O. J. Simpson (Sept. 16). He proceeded to help put his team in the playoffs and his feet up and down for more than 1,000 yards.

Then there was your "A's Go for Three in a Row" cover of Oct. 7 with Catfish Hunter. The A's lost one of five and Hunter gained one victory and a save. The week after rookie Woody Green of the Kansas City Chiefs made the Nov. 18 cover, the jinx weighed him down so badly he achieved only 114 yards in a victorious effort. Oklahoma (Nov. 4) never lost.

Despite a difficult road schedule your No. 1 college basketball choice, Louisville (Dec. 2), has so far won all but one; USC, on the Dec. 9 cover after his miracle win over Notre Dame, dumped Ohio State 18-17 on

continued

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and our steering
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or less 4'8" to 6'11"
Weight 100 to
325 lbs

BACK Place it in
a more comfortable
driving posture
as you change the
steering wheel
position

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they feel best.

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With Tilt Wheel Steering
or Tilt & Telescope
Steering, it won't get
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position too long.

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use them to quickly
adjust the Tilt Wheel up
or down (Also, in and out,
with Tilt & Telescope)

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steering wheel to
slip 'em into the car

Tilt-Wheel Steering and
Tilt & Telescope Steering let you change the
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19TH HOLE *continued*

Pasadena: Rick Barry (Dec. 18) is still dynamic; and the Pittsburgh Steelers and Franco Harris (Jan. 6) won the Super Bowl by 10 points and Harris was named MVP.

People should be thrilled to make the cover of your fine magazine.

DARRIEL FRANCIS

Muncie, Ind.

WAR CRY

Sir,

Kentucky has class, true! *Rupp's Old Fief Is Far from Boring* (Jan. 20), but since you chose to illustrate your article with photos from the Wildcats' game with Auburn, I feel you should have made more mention of the War Eagles' line 90-85 victory. Auburn over-rebounded the "Cats 60-42, with a starting lineup that includes three freshmen, one sophomore and one junior. I suggest you keep an eye on this bunch of fuzzy-checked unsavants.

OSWELL E. BACH JR.

Auburn, Ala.

NO SPORT

Sir,

It took several rereadings of your article *Pennsylvania Big Shot* (Jan. 20) before it finally sank in that this appalling story is true: Herb Miller belongs at a target range, not in a deer woods. He is merely using the animals as convenient targets. There is no place in today's fragile American hunting scene for a man of his values.

Although Miller's assertion that he is "the best deer killer in the state" may be true, I am certain that he is a far cry from the best deer hunter.

WILLIAM ROSE HAFER

Middleton, Wis.

Sir,

You've got to be kidding! I take exception to the fact that I pay good money to subscribe to a sports-oriented magazine and then must read about a "Pennsylvania big shot" who is in fact nothing more than a guy who is obviously too lazy to hunt in a sportsman-like manner.

How can *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* glamorize the killing of a deer from the comfort of a perch one mile away? Your next article will probably tell us about the heroic exploits of a bug-game hunter in a Leauge equipped with air-to-air missiles engaged in a deadly dogfight with mallard ducks.

WILLIAM J. B. BARRITT

Los Angeles

Sir,

I'm really sorry to hear of someone calling himself a sportsman when all he has to do is sit on a hillside and wait for a deer to appear so he can shoot it. Thank goodness fewer than 1% of U.S. hunters engage in such activities. A vast majority of hunters are will-

ing to put their skill against an animal's stamina and at least make a sport of it.

ROBERT VATT

Greeley, Colo.

Sir,

It must be quite a contest, downing a deer at a mile with a highly sophisticated weapon perched atop a stable. Perhaps Mr. Miller could fathom a way to set up a howitzer at his living-room window, thereby eliminating the need to ever venture forth into the outdoor world.

BOB FLINT

East Windsor, N.J.

Sir,

Here is the perfect solution: put Herb Miller in the Louisiana marshes armed with a silencer, a .357 magnum, a blowgun, or even a howitzer, if you please, but preferably at night. With luck Miller will not only decrease the growing reptile population (*Gator Swamped* by *Gators*, Jan. 20) but will have ample opportunity to prove what a great competitor he truly is.

CARL LAMBIN JR.

Pomfret, Conn.

Sir,

Please: In the future if you have no better article than this one, leave a blank page.

BRENT A. WENTHOLD

Joliet, Ill.

NO SWEAT

Sir,

Dr. George Sheehan (*SHEEHAN*, Jan. 6) is absolutely correct when he says sweat is useless. However, that does not mean "the Saturday night bath is ablation enough." One estimate of the number of bacteria per square centimeter on the armpit is 2.4 million. Merely rubbing down with a towel after a workout is not going to remove all the bacteria and prevent the malodorous condition that has enriched the coffers of deodorant manufacturers. Unless Dr. Sheehan is autistic, he can verify this by going into any of many locker rooms that have sweat-soaked clothes or towels lying around.

The running physician says showers are "time-consuming" and that they can "lead to a chill and complications." Running, football, basketball, soccer, etc. are time-consuming and can lead to blisters, shin splints, twisted ankles and complications. So what? So shower.

LEO R. HILGERS
Professor of Biology
Virginia Military Institute

Lexington, Va.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

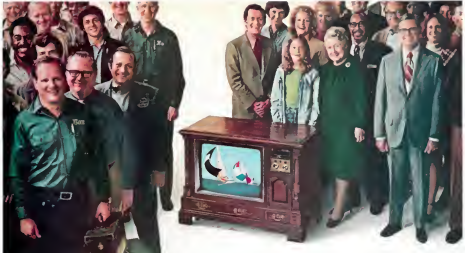
Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 min.: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.



Join the unswitchables.



The people who service color TV say Zenith needs fewest repairs.

For the third straight year, a leading research organization asked TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needs fewest repairs.

Again, Zenith was named most often.

Zenith was also named as the color TV with the best picture, and as the one more service technicians would buy for themselves today.

Question: In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:	
Zenith	34%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	17%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	2%
Brand E	1%
Other Brands	23%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	6%

The people who own Zenith overwhelmingly choose Zenith again.

Again this year, a nationwide survey asked color TV owners if they'd buy the same brand today. Because nobody knows more about TV quality than someone who's lived with his set, year in and year out.

When the results were in, Zenith had won again.

Question: If you were buying another color TV today, would you buy the same brand you bought before?

Answers:	
Zenith	82%
Brand A	7%
Brand B	4%
Brand C	6%
Brand D	5%
Brand E	5%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Other Brands	4%

ZENITH
SOLID STATE

CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

Once again, the experts pick Zenith.

For details of the owners' and service technicians' surveys, write to Zenith Radio Corp., 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, IL 60639.